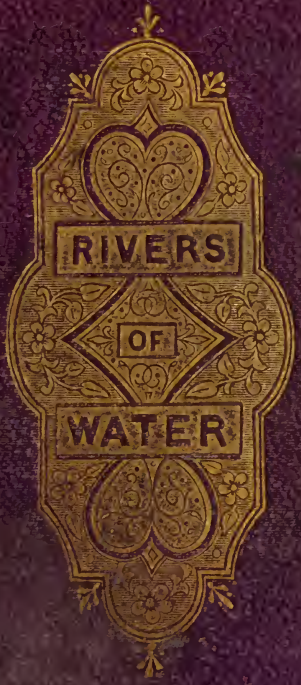
RIVERS
OF
WATER

RIVERS OF WATER

IN

A DRY PLACE.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO SOUTH AFRICA.

AND OF

MR. MOFFAT'S MISSIONARY LABOURS.

Designed for the Young,

By

Robert Moffat

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PREFACE.

THE Bible often speaks to us about "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." In such a land, of course, there can be no trees, or grass, or flowers. The ground is all dust and sand affording neither shade nor food. Both men and animals must die of hunger or thirst. But if Rivers of Water could be turned into this "dry and thirsty land," the wilderness would soon begin to "blossom like a rose." Nothing is wanted but water to change the desert into a fruitful field or a beautiful garden.

The poor ignorant people of South Africa had been for many ages like a barren wilderness. Children in England can have little idea of the misery and wretchedness of those poor heathens. When they repeat the hymn which begins—

> "I thank the goodness and the grace
> Which on my birth have smiled,
> And made me in these Christian days
> A happy English child;"

they little know how much they have to be thankful for. This book is written to tell them something about the poor Hottentots, and Bushmen, and Bechuanas. They will soon find that the labours of missionaries among them have been like Rivers of Water in a dry place.

South Africa is much larger than the whole of England, and contains many tribes and nations. Many missionaries have gone there, some to one place, some to another. To have spoken about all these missionaries, and the different societies which sent them out, would have made our book a great deal too large for children. So we have only spoken of what has been done in one part of the country, and for the most part of what has been done by one man. When those for whom this book is written, grow a little older, they may read all about this good missionary in a book written by himself.*

* "Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa." By Robert Moffat. London : John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row.

RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST MASTERS AND TEACHERS.

FOUR HUNDRED years ago, when King Henry VI. was reigning in England, the people of this country did not know even the shape of the great continent of Africa. No one from Europe had sailed round the southern end of it; but those who thought on the subject at all fancied that Africa reached to the South Pole.

At this period, there lived in Portugal a very brave prince, also called Henry, who encouraged the Portuguese to make ships, and sail about the world to discover new countries. The people who sailed in these ships in the course of time ventured farther and farther south. They crossed the equator, without being burned to death by the hot sun, as had been feared; they passed many strange lands, with their black, curly-headed natives; they saw many new rivers flowing out into the untried seas; and at length they arrived at the large cape which is

the south point of Africa. It was winter when the ships reached it, and there was such stormy weather that the sailors called it the "Cape of Storms."

The voyagers returned to Portugal with the news of their discoveries; and the Portuguese, believing that, most likely, by going round the Cape, ships from Europe might reach India, called it the Cape of Good Hope, and fitted out a new fleet, in which they sent Vasco de Gama, with a number of sailors, to try and sail round.

In the year 1497, Vasco de Gama made the voyage—so wonderful in those days—from Portugal to India round the south of Africa.

The people living at the Cape of Good Hope were called Hottentots; they were barbarous, ignorant, idle, naked savages. Those who saw Vasco de Gama's ships wondered much at the sight, and perhaps mistook them for some strange, large sea-birds. But what their thoughts really were, we cannot tell; the poor Hottentots could not write them down in books, and could not explain themselves to people speaking so different a language as the Portuguese.

Nearly two hundred years passed away after the Portuguese discovered the Cape, and then some other Europeans visited it. These were Dutchmen; and they not only wanted to see the country, but to live in it as farmers. They wished to take it from the Hottentots, and keep it for themselves; and

as they were stronger than the poor natives, they did not find much difficulty in conquering them. The Dutchmen took possession of as much land as they wished to live on; and, very unjustly, they made the Hottentots build their houses, weed the gardens, and tend the cattle. For all this labour the natives were not paid; on the contrary, they had to find their own food and their own tools, while they did the work of their cruel masters. If they were troublesome, or not wanted, they were driven away, and were told that, instead of considering themselves illused, they were to think themselves well off, because they were allowed to live on white men's ground.

You shall hear one thing about these Dutch farmers, or Boers, as they are called, that will astonish you,—they called themselves Christians! During many long years of suffering, no one seems to have thought much of what these poor savages were enduring, or how they were being left to live and die in misery and ignorance, with no knowledge of God, or Jesus the Saviour.

At last, in 1736, a few Christians, living at Herrnhut, in Germany, remembered them; and a good man, called George Schmidt, nobly resolved to devote his life to doing them good. He went to South Africa, and settled in a glen, called the Glen of Baboons, but now Gnadenthal (or the Vale of Grace). You will find it marked in the map, not far from Cape Town.

Here George Schmidt built a house, and planted a garden with fruit-trees and vegetables. He collected many of the Hottentots together, and taught them how in Jesus they might have peace, which the Boers could not take away. He opened a school for the children; he gave food to the starving; taught the people (who are very idle) how to work; let those who had cattle pasture them on the missionary land; and tried to persuade the Boers to treat their servants better, and give them fair wages for their labour.

You may imagine for yourselves that the Boers did not like George Schmidt; but you could never imagine all they made him suffer. At last, when for some reason he went to Europe, they hindered him from returning to Africa again. They sent word to the governors at home that what the missionary taught the people made them idle, and did harm to trade; and as the governors believed what the Boers said, they would not allow George Schmidt or any other missionary to go to the Cape.

For fifty years the Boers were left without any one to tell them how wrong they were, and the Hottentots without any one to teach them what was right. In 1792, however, some more German missionaries went to the Cape. They found the walls of George Schmidt's house still standing, and a pear-tree still growing in his garden. Better than this, they found an old Hottentot woman who

had a New Testament, evidently well used, and who remembered, with much love, the good man who had taught her fifty years ago.

The new missionaries were very badly treated, and were often threatened with murder; but God took care of them and blessed them, so that they were not obliged to give up their work; and, after a time, an event happened which greatly lightened their difficulties. This event was, that the English nation obtained possession of the Cape, and became masters both of the Boers and Hottentots. Now missionaries were allowed to teach the people and to preach to them. The country of the Hottentots became the possession of the English: but all South Africa is not inhabited by Hottentots. Look in the map, and on the right-hand side you will find marked Caffres, and, to the north, Namaquas, Griquas, Bechuanas. These are all names of large tribes of savages who are not ruled over by the English; and besides these, there is a tribe called Bushmen, who live among them all.

The Hottentots are peaceful, submissive, and perhaps rather stupid. The Caffres are strong, fierce, and revengeful. The Namaquas are wild, feeble, and timid. The Bechuanas—wait till you hear about them, and then decide for yourselves. The Bushmen are despised by all the other tribes; they are robbers and marauders, who live among the rocks and caves. Job's word describes them, when he says, "They were driven forth from

among men, (they cried after them as after a thief,) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks. Among the bushes they brayed; under the nettles they were gathered together."

All these tribes are composed of many smaller tribes. The country is very large, and the number of people in it very great, all with immortal souls, lost in ignorance and sin, without any religion; for they did not worship even idols, as other savage nations do. Many missionaries were needed to teach them; and now there are many there. The first who went after the German missionaries, of whom you have heard, was a Dutchman. Yes, a Dutchman—a man of the same nation that had so ill-used them was now going to teach them.

It is more than sixty years since Dr. Vanderkemp, this Dutch missionary, went to the Cape. He was a clever and a learned man, who had at home been accustomed to many comforts, and what is called good society; yet, for Christ's sake, he was willing to go and live among dirty, ignorant savages, who would treat him with scorn. The change must have been very great, greater than we can imagine. At home, he could ride in a comfortable carriage, which rolled pleasantly over the smooth roads; in Africa, he must travel in a rude clumsy wagon, drawn by twelve or fourteen oxen, over land in which there were no roads, and where he must either cut a way through the

tangled underwood of the forest, or jolt over stony hills, or wade through deep mud or shallow rivers. At home, he had lived in a well-built, nicely-furnished house; in Africa, he could have no house, until he had cut down the trees and built it with his own hands. Before he could have a loaf of bread, he must dig up some land and plant his corn, and then keep it carefully watered, until it was ripe enough for him to cut it down. And all this must be done under a burning sun, such as in this country we never feel. Often he had no better resting-place than that of the dogs; no shelter by night from the drenching rain; no refuge by day from the scorching sun.

Dr. Vanderkemp concluded, from what he observed, that it was no use to remain among the Hottentots, so ill-used were they, and so trodden down by their masters. He went, therefore, to Caffre-land, accompanied by a few attendants and another missionary, who afterwards left him.

The Caffres thought these visitors had come as spies; for they had never heard any good of white men, and were afraid they would steal the cattle, or even try to take possession of the country.

Dr. Vanderkemp paid a visit to the chief, Gaika, and said that his wish was to live among the Caffres, and try to teach them good and useful things, especially about God.

"Did this plan spring forth only out of your own heart?" asked Gaika; for he was astonished.

Dr. Vanderkemp told him, "Yes; but the Great God had put it there."

Dr. Vanderkemp wore neither stockings nor hat; and as all other white men, whom Gaika had seen, wore hats, he was surprised to see this stranger without one, and asked whether God had ordered him to leave his head bare. This conversation was of course carried on by means of an interpreter.

People told Gaika that the missionaries were spies and assassins, and that they had enchanted and poisoned wine, with which they intended to kill him; so you will not wonder when you hear that he was in no hurry to give them permission to remain.

At last the chief gave his consent to the missionaries to teach his tribe; and they began to build a house. Until now they had been living in a tent; and it happened that one stormy night a young Caffre woman, seeing the tent shaking in the wind, imagined it to be some strange, wild animal, which the missionaries had let loose to devour her. She rushed away through the river into a forest, where she was nearly killed by falling into a pit.

Once, when there was a great want of water, and the rainmakers (of whom you shall hear more by-and-by) had not succeeded in making any, Gaika sent a present of two cows to Dr. Vanderkemp, and begged him to try. Dr. Vanderkemp sent the cows back to Gaika, and a message, saying, that he

could not make rain, but he could pray to God to send some. The good man did pray, and God heard him; for plenty of rain fell. Gaika sent the cows again as a reward, but as the missionary knew he had not made the showers which were so much needed, he would not keep the cows. The men who brought the cattle thought this was very foolish, and decided that if Dr. Vanderkemp would not accept them, they should not be returned to Gaika. So they sent word that the two cows were not enough to pay for the rain. Gaika believed the message, and sent more cows; and then these wicked men kept them all for themselves. The man who was principally concerned in doing this deceitful thing was afterwards murdered.

Dr. Vanderkemp was soon obliged to leave the Caffres and go back amongst the Hottentots. He laboured much to release them from slavery, and was very useful to them for many years. The slaves were at last set free, but not until Dr. Vanderkemp had been long in heaven.

There are now many missionaries labouring among the Hottentots and Caffres, and many of these once savage people have forsaken their former habits. Instead of greasing their bodies, rubbing themselves with red earth, and dressing in sheepskins, like their forefathers, they now dress decently in European clothes, in coats and trousers, petticoats and frocks. Their dwellings are no

longer rude, dirty huts; but neat, square, white-washed cottages. Now, instead of knowing no more than how to kill wild beasts and each other, the children in the schools are taught to read and write, work and cipher. Geography, grammar, and history, are learned there as you learn them here; only the little people in the schools have dark bodies under their pinafores instead of fair bodies like yours.

Instead of having no God, they now worship the true God each Sunday in the churches and chapels, and can sing with you—

"I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done."

CHAPTER II.

A HOTTENTOT AND A CAFFRE STORY.

You will like to hear a story of a little Hottentot girl, who was taught in a mission-school at Cradock, in South Africa. From this story you will learn something of what those Hottentots who have not become Christians are like, and will see what a change it makes in them when they know and love the Lord Jesus.

Katjee Wittboorg was a little Hottentot girl, who had been brought up by a heathen father and mother. Her father was a sad drunkard; and her mother cared so little for Katjee, and her other children, that, when they asked for food, she used to say, "Go and look for some." Thus these poor children were obliged to go into the fields, and there dig up roots to eat.

When Katjee first came to the mission-school, she was about nine years old. Her colour was yellowish; and her head was covered with tufts of black woolly hair. She had high cheek-bones, a flat nose, and black, restless, sparkling eyes.

She was not a good girl: indeed, there was only one girl in the school as troublesome as Katjee.

She did not try to learn, but enjoyed making grimaces and enticing the other children to play with her. If she was reproved, she answered rudely, or turned away her head to laugh. If her teacher's eye was turned for a moment, Katjee would be off her seat, and have pinched or slapped one of her companions before she was missed. Her eyes were so quick, that she seemed to see what every one was doing; and, if any other girl talked, or laughed, or played in school, Katjee told of her in a moment. But she never told of the wrong things she did herself.

Katjee was really very naughty and very troublesome; yet her teachers did not like to punish her. She often came to school without having had any breakfast, and was so badly clothed, so miserably cared for, and so ill-used by her drunken father and hardened mother, in her wretched, dirty home, that there seemed no one but her teachers to be kind and loving towards her. If they had not often given her a breakfast or supper, the poor child would have died from starvation.

What was to be done, to make Katjee behave better at school?

After thinking about it a great deal, the missionary resolved that this troublesome child should have a class of little ones to keep in order. Of course, she could not do that without being orderly herself. How astonished Katjee must have been when the missionary called her, and, pointing to

the little children, said:—"Now, Katjee, you are made monitor of this class; and I feel sure that, if you try, you will make a very good monitor, and will have your class in the best order in the school."

Little Katjee was troublesome no more. Her class was kept in order; she became kind to her schoolfellows and attentive to her teachers.

Not only was her position in the school changed, but God changed her heart, and she feared and loved Him.

After some months of very good behaviour, there came a day on which Katjee did not appear at school. Next day, again, she was not in her place. Her teacher asked the other children whether they knew where Katjee was. They said, "She is ill." The missionary went to see her: he stopped at the door of her father's miserable hut, and asked, "Is anybody in?"

"Only I, sir," answered Katjee's weak voice from inside.

The missionary entered. "Are you very ill, Katjee?" he said. "Why did you not let us know sooner?"

"I have no pain, sir," she replied; "but I am very weak all over. I did not like to trouble the Jaffrown." That was the name by which she called the missionary's wife.

Katjee was very ill: she was dying; dying from a sickness brought on by the many hardships

she had suffered. Still she was not unhappy, for she knew she was going home to Jesus; going to leave the dirty hut and rags, for a mansion and white robes in His Father's house. There she would never hunger, nor thirst, nor suffer pain, nor do a wrong thing again.

She lay still and patient, and only wanted the people who came to see her to talk to her about Jesus, till one day angels were sent to fetch her spirit away to heaven, where she is now singing "Glory, glory, glory," with the thousands of other children around God's throne.

You have heard something of the Caffres. A little girl at the Cape has written an account of the visit of a Caffre chief to her father at the time that our young prince Alfred was at the Cape in 1860. Here is the letter she wrote:—

"My dear young Friends,—

"Although I am not in all probability older than any of you, perhaps I am even younger than some, still I thought that the following account of the visit of Sandilli, the great Caffre chief, to my father's house may be interesting to you.

"Perhaps you do not all know that Sandilli came to Capetown, at Prince Alfred's invitation. Papa invited them to spend the evening at our house on September 13th; accordingly they came about six o'clock, P.M.

"We all stood at the dining-room door, and shook hands with them as they passed in. It was very amusing to watch the different ways in which they performed this ceremony. Sandilli, of course, came first. He is a tall, fine-looking man, and would have a very nice figure, only he has a withered leg, and one foot is smaller than the other, which makes him limp. His manner is very dignified. He was dressed in European clothing, with the exception of shoes and stockings, of which he had none. He cannot wear shoes on account of his withered foot. He had two or three rings on each finger, and an ear-ring in each ear. After him came his counsellors, who are too numerous to particularise. Two of them are elders of the Rev. Siyo Soga's church, and are intelligent, pious men. Mr. Soga himself is a Caffre by birth, and the son of Sandilli's chief counsellor. He was educated in Scotland, at the Glasgow University, for six years. He returned about three years ago, with a Scotch lady whom he had married. He came down here in Sandilli's suite, at the express invitation of Prince Alfred, and was our guest during the whole of his stay. He preached five times to crowded congregations, and beautiful sermons they were. He is a wonderful specimen of what a Caffre may become by education and Christianity.

"When Caffres profess to be Christians you may be sure they are so; for Christianity, instead

of being the fashion in their country, is the reverse; and any one who is converted has to give up many of his enjoyments. Two of the principal objections they have to our religion are—1st. They can no longer join in the native dances, of which they are very fond. 2d. They may have only one wife, whereas most have two or three. Sandilli has eight. Sandilli's son and daughter, who are pupils of the English Church Caffre Mission-school at Zouneblume, did not come with him, but followed soon after.

"We had a substantial tea prepared for them; the table was laden with buns, bread and butter, cake, biscuits, oranges, besides plenty of coffee. The Caffres were very reserved at first, but gradually that wore off, and they talked and laughed heartily. But, oh! I cannot do justice to the scene that followed; I would not have missed it for a good deal. They all sat in rows; looking so awkward, and casting very comical glances at everything. They had just come from Mr. Saul Solomon's, where they had taken dinner, so that they were not very hungry; but, expecting they would be ravenous, we plied them with eatables and coffee as fast as we could. When they shook their heads and said 'No,' I, taking it for mere bashfulness, pressed them. One old man, who seemed very fond of oranges, had just helped himself to a piece, when I brought round some more. He looked first at the piece on his plate, and then

A TEA PARTY.

at the others, and at last put his own up to his mouth, held it with his teeth, stretched out his hand and seized another, amidst laughter from his companions. He did look so ludicrous! If they did not fancy the pieces that were uppermost, they would turn the plate round, and finger the cake, &c., until they found something they liked. At last they all declined, and I suppose I looked rather disappointed; for Mr. Brownlee, the Caffre Commissioner, said something to them to this effect, though I did not understand it at the time: 'If you do not eat more, the young lady will think you despise her mother's food.' They, in the kindness of their hearts, began to eat and drink again, not wishing to hurt my feelings. In a little while one of them said, 'Please tell the young lady not to offer us any more; for we cannot refuse her, and we can eat no more.'

"After tea they noticed the kaross on the sofa, and papa took it off to show it to them: a kaross is a number of skins sewn together, and worn as a cloak by the Caffres. Sandilli put it on, as he would do in his own country, and pretended to harangue them. He looked very picturesque! Then papa brought some African curiosities out of his museum; they recognised many of them, but not the spears, battle-axes, &c., as they do not use them in their country. One of them said he should not like to be at war with such a fierce nation. Among other things he showed them

some Umlangen sticks, at which they looked very much ashamed, and would not touch them; but as you will not understand why they should do this, I must explain it to you.

"Umlangen, the Caffre prophet, residing near King William's Town, left Caffreland, and during his absence pretended to have been under the sea, and to have received a message from God to his countrymen. He admonished them to put away witchcraft, and to receive from him charms, composed of short sticks, to wear round their necks, or to carry about with them. He told them that, when they came into the presence of their enemy, they must bite off a piece of stick and spit on it, and also rub the juice obtained by chewing, upon their bodies. They were then to call upon the spirits of their dead relations to observe and aid them; and on approaching the enemy they were to cry, 'O Umlangen! thou son of Kala, help us! We are looking to thee. Come and bless us.' The prophet then comes with his sticks, and, spitting upon them, says that those who die in battle have practised witchcraft. Thus he accounted for all the deaths that had taken place during the war. The Caffres now see how the prophet only deceived them; and therefore they are heartily ashamed of it.

"Then some Indian idols were brought. Papa told them a great deal about India; what a large, rich fertile country it is; how many people live

there; what fine things they make, and how many books they have written; and yet they are subjects of Great Britain. He showed them an exact model of the car of Juggernaut. The bottom of it is covered with wheels, and it is pulled along by men on the great festival day of Juggernaut. Thousands of people assemble, and many devotees used to throw themselves before it, and were crushed to death. They said, 'What a small country Great Britain is, and how few people live in it compared with India, and yet it is the most powerful country in the world! And why is such a beautiful country as India so weak?' Papa said, 'Because it has not the Bible, and worships idols.' 'And why is such a small country as Great Britain so powerful?' 'Because it has the Bible, and worships the true God.' He told them how savage the Britons once were; how *they* painted their bodies, and worshipped idols, until some Christian missionaries came and told them about Christ, and brought them the Bible; and how ever since they have had the Bible, they have prospered. Then he said how many people had tried to conquer India, but no one succeeded till the Christians came.

"The Caffres were very attentive; and, when the idols were handed round, Sandilli said, 'These are the nations that mock God.' They were astonished at the power of Britain, and Sandilli remarked, 'Now I see how foolish I have been in trying to resist such a mighty power; but I will do so no

longer.'* Papa said he was sure the Queen wished well to both him and his people, and that the Bible would prosper them as much as it had the Britons. He showed them the very valuable Bible which Prince Alfred gave Mr. Soga, and told them he would rather have the Bible than the richest farm in the colony. He said that the English value their ministers and missionaries very much, and that they should do the same.

"After that, he gave Sandilli a gay purse, some neckerchiefs, an Indian chain, etc., with all which he was delighted. A gentleman put two half-crowns in the purse, and asked how much there was. They seem to learn the value of money very quickly, for he said, 'Two schelin sexpance, two schelin sexpance, five schelin.' Mr. Soga offered up a prayer in Caffre, and they went away. In going out, Sandilli said it was the pleasantest evening he had spent in town. May the grace of God descend into his heart, and make him and all his people Christians. But while we are interested in the work of God among the heathen, ought we not to ask ourselves whether we have obtained salvation? Have we given our hearts to God? If not, let us do so at once.

"That the richest blessing of God may descend upon you all, dear young friends, is the prayer of one of your number in the distant colony of South Africa."—*Copied from the* FEMALE MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCER, *March*, 1861.

* Sandilli had been fighting against the English.

CHAPTER III.

A BUSHMAN STORY.

LET us now leave the Hottentots and Caffres, and go for a little time among the wild Bushmen.

While Dr. Vanderkemp was in Caffre-land, some other missionaries went to a place on the banks of the Zak River, in order to try and teach the Bushmen who lived there.

It is always difficult to instruct the heathen; but for a long time it seemed impossible to do the wretched Bushmen any good. They build no houses, and have no homes, but live in caves or holes. They are filthily dirty, and never think of washing. They keep no flocks and herds of their own, but steal from the farmers or from travellers who may pass that way. As they do not cultivate the ground, they can only eat what grows naturally, wild roots and berries, with lizards, locusts, caterpillars, and serpents.

The serpent's poison they are careful not to swallow; but they take it out of the reptile's jaws, and use it to cover the points of their arrows. The consequence is, that, if left in a wound, the arrow poisons just as a serpent's bite would.

These people, when they have eaten up all that is to be found in one place, wander off elsewhere; and it is because they move about so constantly that it is so difficult to improve them. Where the missionaries have succeeded in making them remain in one place, and there build houses, sow corn, and keep goats or cows, they have been able to do the Bushmen good in other ways.

But the Bushmen appear to be clever only as hunters, thieves, and murderers, and the following story will show you what reason travellers have to fear meeting a party of these wild men.

Some travellers once started from Kuruman for the Cape. There were two men, who were brothers, their mother, their wives, and their fourteen children. They had with them sixty oxen, and in their wagon were a number of elephants' tusks. This ivory and the oxen the men intended to sell at the end of their journey.

After travelling for three days, they fell in with eight Bushmen. They were kind to the Bushmen, and gave them parts of the game which had been killed for food. Instead of being grateful for this, the Bushmen, seeing so many oxen, and so few men to guard them, resolved to steal the cattle.

One night they formed a plan for doing this wicked deed. In the morning, as one of the brothers was stooping down to mend the pole of the wagon, and his little girl of eight years old was watching him, a Bushman thrust him through

with a spear from behind. The little girl shrieked when she saw her father fall, and in a moment another Bushman killed her in the same manner with his spear.

The other man, hearing the shriek, ran up to see his brother and niece lying dead upon the ground. He rushed upon the Bushmen, threw a hatchet at one of them, and fired his gun, which wounded the shoulder of a second. The murderers fled, leaving their bows and arrows behind them.

There was now only one man remaining to take care of the three women and thirteen children, and the Bushmen who had run away were sure to fetch others and return in greater numbers to attack the wagon. To save the ivory, it was taken from the wagon and hidden in the ground, while the dead bodies of the man and child were laid where the ivory had been, and carried away to be buried at night. In great fear, the survivors continued their journey, for among the distant bushes and on the tops of the hills around they could see their enemies watching.

Night came. The little children were laid to rest in the wagon and slept peacefully. The man, women, and elder children helped to bury their dead relations, and then sat up in expectation of an attack.

The night passed away quietly; morning dawned, the oxen were yoked in, and the man with his eldest boy urged them on. While passing a grove

of acacias a shower of poisoned arrows fell among the travellers, which wounded some of the children and oxen. The man fired his gun among the acacias, which once more frightened the Bushmen away. He and the boy were both wounded; but they were determined to defend their family and property as long as they lived.

Another dreary night was passed by the poor wounded children and their distressed parents. Next morning, great numbers of Bushmen came and attacked the wagon on all sides. Once more the father fired his gun amongst them; but this time, instead of fleeing, all aimed at him with their deadly poisoned arrows. In a moment the poor man was covered with wounds and darts. He staggered towards the wagon, while the Bushmen seized the loose oxen, and drove them away. An hour after, the father was dead, and the three women and thirteen children were without a defender. The Bushmen were still hovering about, intending soon to kill the defenceless widows and orphans, and carry off the oxen which were yoked to the wagon.

But God was sending these poor people help from the robbers and murderers. Some travellers were advancing in the other direction, and seeing a wagon in the distance, they hastened towards it, and found the women and children weeping together, expecting nothing but death. But they were safe now; for it was friends who had found

them. The Bushmen were afraid to approach when they saw two wagons. The women and children were kindly cared for, and taken to a place of safety, where their wounds could be dressed and healed. But no kindness could ever restore to those orphans and widows the husbands and fathers whom the cruel Bushmen had murdered.

CHAPTER IV.

AFRICANER.

WHAT was the name of the tribe we put next to the Bushmen?—Namaquas.

The Namaqua country borders on a great desert; and the part of Namaqua-land on which the first missionaries settled seems to be very desert-like indeed. There are river-channels with no water flowing down them; plenty of stones and sand; "plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf;" few people, and those always wanting water so much, that, on account of the rain which generally falls at such times, a thunder-storm is a thing they long for, though the lightnings play and the thunders roar almost without stopping while the storm lasts.

In this desert country there lived, at the time the first missionaries went there, a chief called Africaner, famed all the country round for his fierce wickedness.

Years ago, his fathers had possessed land near the Cape; but the Dutch had driven him and his tribe away from their native hills, and deprived them of one thing after another, until at length they were made servants to a farmer.

For a long time, Africaner served his master well. He looked after the cattle, and protected his master's possessions from the Bushmen; so that the farmer grew rich through the service of Africaner and his men.

This farmer (or Boer) was, however, neither honourable nor kind; and at last the hearts of Africaner and his brother Titus rebelled against the injustice; for they had been chiefs, and were not accustomed to be servants, much less slaves.

The master became more and more unkind; until, at last, Africaner and his men refused to do as they were ordered. This disobedience made the farmer very angry. It was evening, and he sent for his rebellious servants at once. They wondered much what would be done to them; nevertheless, they went up to the house, and Titus, who was a fierce man, carried a gun behind him, which in the twilight was not observed. Africaner walked up the steps in front of the house, in order to speak to his master, and explain why they had refused to obey him. No sooner had he reached the top of the flight, than the farmer, without waiting to hear a single word, rushed upon his Hottentot servant, and gave him a blow which knocked him down to the bottom of the steps.

The moment Titus saw his brother pushed down, he raised his gun, and shot the farmer dead. Africaner was not much hurt; and the whole party went into the house, and compelled the farmer's wife to

give them all the guns, powder, and shot which had belonged to her husband. The poor woman was so alarmed and overpowered, that she dared not refuse, and quickly showed the rebels where to find whatever they wished; and when they had taken all they wanted, they left the house, telling her she should be murdered, if she did not remain where she was until the morning.

Africaner at once collected his tribe, and they all set off together towards the Orange River, which flows through Namaqua-land, and is the boundary of the British possessions. They went in great haste; for Africaner knew that, as soon as the Boers around heard what had happened, they would pursue after him, to avenge his master's death. On the way, he was joined by many other illused, desperate men, which made his party so strong, that the farmers, although they followed the fugitives, were afraid to attack them openly.

When intelligence of these events was taken to the Governor of Cape Colony, he outlawed Africaner, and offered a reward to any one who would bring his head; but no one ever managed to cut it off.

However, one thing the farmers did caused a great deal of needless bloodshed. They bribed some of the Griqua tribes to go to war with Africaner; and this war was carried on for many years. Africaner and Titus killed every one who had the misfortune to fall into their hands, both

Dutchmen and Hottentots; and were you to be told of all the murders and robberies they committed, and all the wicked wars in which they engaged, you would have a book full only of horrible stories. Every one was afraid of these desperate men and their band, fearing them even more than the lions and the other wild beasts that roamed over the wilderness.

Those must, indeed, have been courageous missionaries who undertook to go near such a tribe as Africaner's; but some Christian men were found brave enough even for this. Two brothers, named Christian and Abraham Albrecht, went to Africa on purpose, and, taking with them barely what was necessary, started on their perilous enterprise.

They had great difficulty in reaching Namaqualand, for there were no roads along which their oxen could quietly trudge with the wagon, and no inns at which they and their cattle could rest or procure food. Unfortunately, the oxen proved not strong enough to drag the wagon through the deep hot sand; many of them dropped down fainting by the way, and then there was no refreshing water to revive them, no shelter from the glaring sunshine to which they could crawl for rest. And so, as they fell, they were left behind to die, or be eaten up by lions when the night came.

The missionaries themselves could with difficulty procure bread or water. Long were they on

the dreary journey; many times did they almost despair of reaching the Orange River alive, for they had not been well supplied with the necessary provisions. Yet God kept them from death, or from abandoning their resolution in despair: He had a great work to be done, and they were being guided, through sore troubles, to do it.

While the missionaries are on the way, you will like to stop and hear some questions once put to a Namaqua, with the answers he gave, which will show you how little they knew, and how much they needed teachers.

"Did you ever hear of a God?"

"Yes, we have heard that there is a God, but we do not know right."

"Who told you that there is a God?"

"We heard it from other people."

"Who made the heavens?"

"We do not know what man made them."

"Who made the sun?"

"We always heard that those people at the sea made her. When she goes down, they cut her in pieces, and fry her in a pot, and then put her together again, and bring her out at the other side. In the day, the sun is over our heads, and at other times she must give place for the moon to pass by."

"Who, do you think, made the world?"

"You must have made it, assisted by your brethren."

"Do you think that men will rise again?"

"We should all have lived again. The moon once said to mankind, 'As I die, and become alive again, so shall you die and become alive again.' But the hare answered, 'It is no such thing; but as I die, and live not again, so must it be with you.' That is the reason why the moon is dark and sometimes becomes ill."

"Is there any difference between man and beast?"

"We think man has made the beasts."

"Did you ever see a man that made beasts?"

"No; I only heard so from others."

"What do you teach your children?"

"We only teach them to find food in the fields."

"How do you treat your wives?"

"Our wives are not good; therefore we must beat them."

You see the good missionaries, who were toiling on in their wagons towards these ignorant people, would have to begin by teaching them what you knew as soon as you could speak.

After many wanderings, and two or three short residences at other places, Christian and Abraham Albrecht pitched their tents at a spot called Warm Bath, one hundred miles west of the part in which Africaner was living, and where they hoped to be safe from him.

The country here was as bare as everywhere else around; but there was water to drink, and there

were people to be taught. People and water were two things the missionaries must be near; for they had come in Christ's name to teach the inhabitants of the land, and they had suffered so much from want of water on the way, that they had learned by painful experience to stay near a stream if possible.

The missionaries had been residing nearer to Africaner's kraal, or village, before they settled at Warm Bath, and the great robber had visited them, and even sent his children to their school. Once when he came, he said, "As you are sent by the English, I welcome you to the country; for, though I hate the Dutch, my former oppressors, I love the English; for I have always heard that they are the friends of the poor black man." Still the missionaries could not feel safe, and that was one reason for moving to Warm Bath.

But before they had been at Warm Bath long, who should come after them but Africaner, with some of his people, resolved to settle near them, for he seemed to like the missionaries. The poor people at the mission-station, however, were still afraid of him; and soon after, he became greatly enraged against the missionaries. Some one had a quarrel with Africaner, which led to fighting. The Warm Bath people joined Africaner's enemy, and this made Africaner very angry, not only with them, but with their teachers, who, he believed, had persuaded the people at Warm Bath to take

the part of his adversary. In his anger he vowed to destroy the mission-station, the missionaries, and every creature living near.

This was very alarming. Abraham Albrecht was already dead, and safe from the murderer; but there were at the station, Abraham's wife and child, Christian and his wife, and Mr. Tromp, another missionary, who had joined them.

How could they escape? They were two hundred miles from civilized men; there was no cave in which to take refuge; no safe nook between high rocks, where they might hide; nothing but a hot, dry, sandy plain for many miles around.

Africaner was coming nearer and nearer. They heard it from the terrified people who fled before him. Soon, very soon, they would see him among them. What could they do? They dug holes in the sand; deep, square holes, in which they could be quite hidden, that when the bullet-shots came whizzing overhead they might not be touched. On the top of these holes they spread a tarpaulin, to keep off the rays of the sun; and here, in these pits, the whole party existed for a week, nearly suffocated by the heat and want of air.

At the end of a week, a kind chief, who had heard of their distress, came and helped the missionaries to move quite away to another place, where they were safe. Africaner arrived just in time to find his victims gone; and as there was no one to kill—for all the natives had run away—he

and his plundering band began to search for what the missionaries in their hasty flight might have left behind them, and discovered a good many things buried in the sand. This delighted them, and they all sat down to examine and enjoy their new possessions. While they were occupied in this way, one of Africaner's servants, who was wandering about, entered the little burial ground, and, to his surprise, in stepping on a mound of earth, which appeared to be a grave, he heard soft notes of music from under the sand. He had heard the missionaries speak of the dead rising, and thought perhaps they were going to rise now. Full of wonder and surprise, he stood still to listen, and at last found courage once more to step on the spot from whence the music had come. Again the same sweet sounds were heard. Without waiting another moment, or daring to look behind him, away he darted, as though followed by a ghost, to tell Africaner that there was something alive, and which made music in the grave.

Africaner, followed by his men, went to the graveyard, for he was afraid of nothing. Encouraged by their chief, one and another jumped upon this mysterious mound, and each leap awakened those strange, soft notes underground.

Africaner ordered his servants to dig down, and discover what was beneath. A hole was quickly scratched in the loose, dry sand, and such a thing uncovered as these rude men had never seen

before. It was Mrs. Albrecht's piano, which she was hoping to find safe if ever she came again to Warm Bath. Africaner had it pulled to pieces, in that way to find out how the sounds were produced, which of course he did not succeed in doing.

Mr. Albrecht once more returned to Namaqua-land, but not to Warm Bath. He settled at a place called Pella, south of the Orange River, and here many of the Warm Bath people, who had learned to love their missionary, joined him.

Africaner no longer troubled the peace of the little village. He listened meekly to what the missionaries had come to teach. The lion-nature in him God changed; and the cruel murderer became gentle and harmless as a lamb. This wicked man gave his heart to Jesus, and received a new good heart, which made him meek and lowly, as Jesus was.

The next missionaries of whom you shall hear were sent to Africaner himself, to live in his kraal.

CHAPTER V.

AFRICANER CHANGED.

THE missionary sent to Africaner's own tribe was Mr. Moffat. He has himself written an account of this part of his missionary life, and from his book it is taken for you.

It was in the year 1817 that Mr. Moffat went to Namaqua-land. Travelling through the country, he told the Boers whose farms lay in his way, that he was going to live with Africaner, and they wondered how he could be so foolish. No one had a good word to say for the murderer and robber-chief, nor would any one believe he was so changed as Mr. Moffat had heard.

"No," said one farmer, "he will set you up as a mark for his boys to shoot at."

"Going to him!" said another, "he will strip off your skin, and make a drum of it to dance to."

"Don't venture," said a third; "he will surely make a drinking cup of your skull."

But Mr. Moffat, like a brave and faithful man, did still venture; he believed what Mr. Albrecht had told of the wonderful alteration in Africaner;

for he knew that God had power to make a bad heart soft and good.

After a toilsome journey with his wagon, and his weary oxen and drivers, the young missionary reached Africaner's kraal. The far-famed chief did not set him up as a mark, nor strip off his skin, nor cut off his head; but as soon as he heard of his arrival, he came to Mr. Moffat and asked whether he were the teacher that had been promised to him and his people. Mr. Moffat informed him that he was. Africaner appeared very glad to hear it, and said that as Mr. Moffat was a young man, he hoped he might live many years to teach the ignorant inhabitants of his kraal.

After these little speeches were over, Africaner called for a number of women. This surprised Mr. Moffat, who wondered for what the women could be wanted. Presently, however, they came, bearing on their heads bundles of mats and long sticks. Africaner pointed to a spot of ground, saying, "There you are to build a house for the missionary."

The women did not seem at all unwilling to do as they were ordered. They fixed a circle of poles upright in the ground, and tied them together at the top so as to form a beehive-shaped hut. This framework they covered with mats, and in half-an-hour the missionary's house was finished.

In this house, too, he dwelt for six months, and found it not very weatherproof, nor in any way

very comfortable. When the sun shone, its rays beat down upon the little hut so as to make the heat almost unbearable. When the wind blew, it was filled with dust, which came in through the spaces between the poles. If it rained outside the hut, it rained also inside; and not only did heat, and dust, and rain visit the missionary's home uninvited, but sometimes a great dog would force his way through the openings in the wall; sometimes a serpent would creep in and coil himself up in a corner; and once two bulls fought together so near, that it was with difficulty Mr. Moffat prevented them from crushing the crazy concern altogether. Still this hut was as good a one as that in which Africaner or any of the other villagers lived; all had been built by the women in the same hasty manner.

Mr. Moffat's food was not better than his house. He had no bread; for in this miserable country, from want of water, no corn would grow; there was nothing to eat except the flesh of the wild animals, or of oxen which might be killed, and only milk to drink. Meat and milk, meat and milk, meat and milk. Both good things you say. Yes; but how would you like them always, or how would they agree with you if you had nothing else for food?

All that had been said about the change in Africaner proved to be true; and Mr. Moffat never had occasion to find fault with him. Even his

look was so altered, that one day when they were sitting together, his teacher remarked,

"I was trying to picture you to myself carrying fire and sword through the country, and I could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe."

Africaner could no longer bear even the recollection of all the misery he had caused; and he wept bitter tears as he remembered it.

Instead of making a gun his companion, God's word was what he now loved and kept near him. At night he no more joined in the savage dance, but sat in the missionary's hut, talking with him of God's wonders in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, until at last he would rub his hands on his head and exclaim, "I have heard enough; I feel as if my head were too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects." His love of war was gone; and now, when he saw other people and tribes ready to quarrel and fight, he would beg and pray them to be reconciled, and tell them how his wars had caused nothing but grief in the end.

Mr. Moffat began to teach the children of the kraal; and in this good work Africaner was of so much assistance that before long there were one hundred and twenty young people in the school. Dirtier than the dirtiest of our Ragged-school children were these little savages, and missionary and chief together took them to the fountain to

teach them how to wash themselves, while many a one received a good scrubbing from Mr. Moffat's own hands. Remember, they had not been washed since they were born, and then imagine if you can what the work was. When the children's bodies had been made clean, there were all the skin blankets or karosses to wash also; and this was no small matter, for skins are not so easily cleaned as calicoes, and these skins had been washed as often and no oftener than their young possessors. When once they and their karosses were tolerably clean, however, the children confessed that they felt more comfortable, and they were never allowed to get so very dirty again.

Africaner found out that Mr. Moffat often had but little food, and therefore sent him a present of two cows, that he might have milk when he could procure nothing better. The milk of two cows will seem to you a great quantity for one man to drink; but you must remember that the cows in that part of Africa do not give the bountiful supply which they do in green England.

Mr. Moffat's milk and meat diet did not agree with him, and he fell ill. Then Africaner came and nursed him most kindly and attentively, and was filled with joy when he saw his good teacher recovering, for he feared to lose him.

Two of Africaner's brothers were Christians as well as himself; but Titus, though improved, had not given up his evil ways. He used to say to

Mr. Moffat, "I hear you, and I think sometimes I understand, but my heart will not feel." Titus was the only person at the kraal who had more than one wife; he had two, and these two wives of his quarrelled so dreadfully, that sometimes he almost made up his mind to give some presents to one of them, and send her home to her father.

One morning Titus came to Mr. Moffat's hut leading an ox, on which was seated one of his wives. Mr. Moffat thought to himself, "Surely she is going to be sent to her father's home at last."

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Titus held out his hand to shake Mr. Moffat's, and answered laughing, "Just the old thing over again."

His wives had been quarrelling as usual, and one in a rage had thrown a piece of stick at the other, this stick had gone into the woman's hand and broken off there. The woman's hand was dreadfully swollen, and Mr. Moffat was obliged to cut it, in order to extract the wood. Even this accident did not make Titus send away either of his wives.

You have heard that the place at which Mr. Moffat lived with Africaner was not very desirable on account of the want of rain and vegetation. As more people joined the settlement, and they became desirous of improving themselves and their dwellings, the scarcity of water and grass was so

much felt, that Africaner and Mr. Moffat resolved to try and find some unoccupied land which would prove more pleasant and profitable, and to which all the tribe might remove.

To the journeys undertaken in search of this desirable place we must devote a new chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. MOFFAT AND AFRICANER SEEK A NEW HOME.

You have all travelled by railroad, and know how pleasant it is to be carried smoothly along by the great puffing steam-engine, which seems to know its way, though it certainly can never think where it is going. How different to these easy swift journeys were those which Mr. Moffat and Africaner took when looking for a new dwelling-place!

At the time of which you are reading, neither you nor railroads were in existence; but England has got on faster than Africa, and if you were now in Namaqua-land you would have to travel in the same fashion as that which was used forty years ago.

In what fashion was that? The travellers would not be safe alone, and in so desert-like a land they must carry provision sufficient to keep their companions alive in case of need. They must have a wagon.

But Mr. Moffat's only wagon was broken; there were iron bands needed to make the wheels strong,

and safe; and there was no blacksmith to put them on. It was of no use waiting, and worse than no use to give up in despair, so that Mr. Moffat turned smith himself. With great perseverance he managed to make a large pair of bellows out of two goat-skins and some wood, and then prepared to heat and hammer his iron.

The people crowded round to watch his strange and mysterious operations, which made Mr. Moffat very nervous, as it was his first attempt at the anvil, and he did not know how he should succeed. Succeed! who does not succeed that sets to work with patience, care, and determination? To his own surprise, and to the delight of the natives capering about round the wagon and forge, Mr. Moffat found that he could be his own blacksmith, for he had made his rough old carriage fit for service again, without having so much as burned a finger. Encouraged by his success, he next tried some broken guns, and mended them also.

And now, with ten or twelve oxen yoked into the wagon, the guns fit for use, and thirty men as a guard in case any one should attack them, Mr. Moffat, Africaner, and Titus, started towards the north, for in that direction they had heard there was plenty of water. You will be surprised, perhaps, that they did not move to the Orange River which flowed so near to them to the south; but other missionaries were living there, so that Mr. Moffat thought it his duty to go elsewhere; and

the land belonged to other chiefs who would not like Africaner to come among them.

The wagon passed slowly on over plains of sand, relieved only by stunted bushes, or diversified with sand-hills. There were many wild animals roaming about. Striped zebras and swift wild asses; tall giraffes and graceful antelopes; huge rhinoceroses and hungry lions. Some of these animals were shot for food, and if a large one was killed, the oxen had a day's rest while the dead game was being cut up into thin strips, and hung on the low bushes to dry in the sun. The best parts the travellers ate at once, and the remainder, when dry, was stowed away in the wagon, to be eaten when nothing better could be obtained. This dried meat was very tough indeed, as tough, Mr. Moffat says, as the sole of a boot. When used for food, it was first cooked under some hot ashes, and then beaten between two stones to make it a little easier to chew; but even then their jaws ached terribly by the time their meal was finished.

One day, the wagon approached an opening between two hills, which looked in the distance beautifully green and refreshing. The oxen's heads were turned towards the glen, but it was found upon closer inspection to be filled with poisonous plants, called "Euphorbia," through which it was very difficult to force a passage. As the day was extremely hot, and the oxen weary, they

were allowed to rest; and the men in wandering about the glen found, in the clefts of the rocks, some honey, which was a delicious treat, as they had but little to eat except the tough dried meat.

But presently, one of the men who had partaken of the wild honey said that his throat was getting very hot, and soon another and another complained of the same sensation, until they all felt as though their throats and stomachs were on fire. A man who lived near happened to pass just then, and seeing some of the strangers' faces smeared with honey, he said to them, "You had better not eat the honey in this valley; do you not see the poisonous (Euphorbia) bushes? From their flowers the bees gather honey and poison too." How the sufferers must have wished the man had passed a little sooner; the honey unfortunately was eaten, and they were feeling more and more unwell. The little water that had been kept in the wagon was very soon drunk, but this, instead of allaying, seemed only to increase the burning heat. For several days the poison continued to give all who had taken it dreadful pain, but then they gradually recovered from its effects.

Sometimes the travelling party passed a Namaqua kraal, and Mr. Moffat did not at such times forget he was a missionary of Jesus Christ; but tried to instruct the people, and let them hear for once the glad tidings of a loving Saviour.

There is a story belonging to this journey which most likely you know, still old stories are pleasant; so let us hear it again.

All day long the patient oxen had drawn the wagon over a sandy plain, with the burning sun beating down upon them. The men, too, had toiled on in the heat without having had a drop of water, and when night overtook them they were compelled to lie down without having found a pool at which to quench their raging thirst.

Mr. Moffat arose very early in the morning—for he could not sleep—and leaving the rest of the party to follow with the wagon, went forward with one man to try and find water. After passing some hills, and walking a long weary way over the plain, they saw in the distance smoke curling upwards from among the bushes.

How welcome was the sight! Where there was smoke, there must be fire; where there was fire, there must be some one to kindle it; where there was a human creature, there must be surely water; perhaps, even, there was a kraal built near some pleasant pool.

Mr. Moffat and his companion hopefully quickened their steps, thinking thankfully of the water they should shortly drink. As they approached the bushes, they were startled to see, by the footprints on the sand, that lions had been there but a very short time before. Their guns were quietly lying far behind in the wagon: they felt almost

afraid to venture further; but there, in front, was the peaceful smoke still rising; and without water they must die, so on they went.

The smoke was reached in safety. No village was near, not even a hut or a man; but crouching down on the ground, by the fire whose smoke had been seen so far off, was an old woman—a woman so old, and so very very thin and weak, that, when she saw the strangers coming, she tried in vain to rise. She appeared extremely frightened, too, especially at Mr. Moffat's white face and strange dress. He spoke kindly and soothingly to her, in her own language, and said:—

"My mother, fear not; we are friends; we will do you no harm."

For a while, the poor creature seemed too much afraid to speak; but after he had talked to her for a time, and shown her by his behaviour that there was no cause for alarm, Mr. Moffat asked her who she was, and how she came to be in so desolate a place, alone, with no one to be kind or attentive to her.

She answered:—"I am a woman; I have been here four days! my children have left me here to die."

"Your children?" exclaimed Mr. Moffat.

"Yes," she said; "my own children, my three sons and two daughters. They have gone away to yonder blue mountain, and have left me here to die."

"And pray, why did they leave you?" asked Mr. Moffat.

Spreading out her bony hands, she answered:—"I am old, you see, and, therefore, I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game, I am too feeble to help in carrying the flesh; I am not able to gather wood for their fires; and I can no longer carry their children on my back as I used to do."

Does this sad account make you cry? It is all true; and Mr. Moffat wept as he gazed upon this deserted mother, and listened to what she told him.

He asked her again, if she was not afraid of the lions, and said he was surprised they had not devoured her, so close had he seen their footprints.

"She was so thin," she replied, "that there was nothing on her bones for the lions to eat, and they did not take the trouble to touch her."

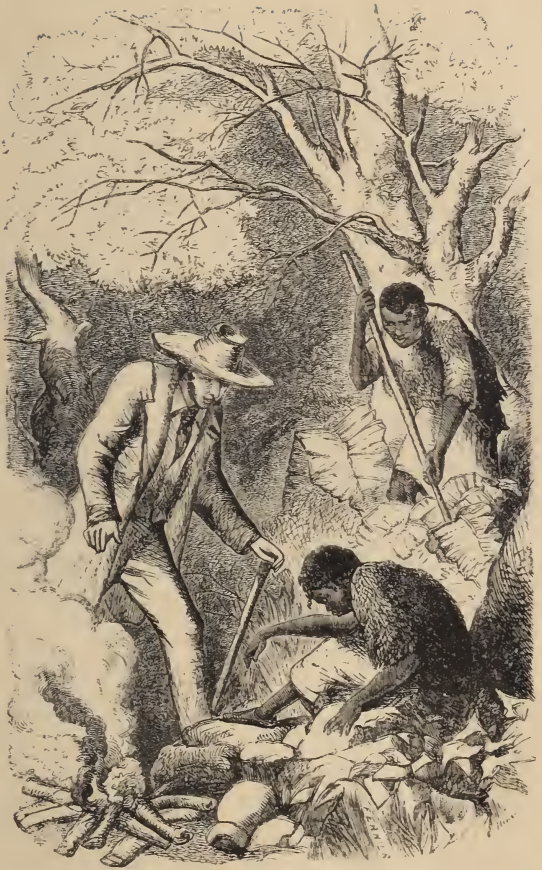
Just then the wagon, which had followed Mr. Moffat, came in sight, and the poor creature was greatly alarmed, fancying it was some dreadful animal. Mr. Moffat assured her it was not alive, and could do her no harm, and said, as he could not bear to leave her alone, he would put her in and take care of her.

Upon hearing this, she became so terrified, that Mr. Moffat was afraid she would die, and did not know what to do. It was evident they could not take her with them in the wagon; and, as Mr.

Moffat and his companions were becoming delirious for want of water, it was as evident that they could not stay. They collected wood to replenish her fire, gave her some dried meat, some tobacco, a knife, and a few other things, and telling her to keep a good fire, lest the lions should attempt to steal her meat, they went away, promising to come again on their return.

On the way back, Mr. Moffatt remembered his promise, and looked for the old woman. She was nowhere to be seen; and, months afterwards, he heard, from a man who visited the missionary station, that the woman's sons had noticed the wagon near the spot, and had gone to see what the people in the wagon had done to their mother. Finding that the strangers had given her food, and hearing from her of the white man that was one of them, they fancied Mr. Moffat must be a great chief, who would come and punish them for treating their mother so cruelly. Therefore, they carried her home again, and took care of her for the rest of her life.

Is not this a shocking story? How differently you treat your mother! Your willing little feet run to fetch whatever she wants, her work-basket, or footstool, or book; your loving arms often encircle her neck, while your soft lips kiss hers, and you whisper your thanks and love for all her care. And, by and by, your mother will be growing old. Oh! how you will love her then! Her seat will



THE AGED MOTHER SAVED FROM DEATH

be the warmest and most comfortable, in the pleasantest corner of the room; and all your business will be to make her happy, just as she made you happy and cared for you when you were a child. Will it not be so?

The knowledge of God's Holy Word has made this great difference between us and the heathen. There, as you know, it is written, "Honour thy father and thy mother." "Despise not thy mother when she is old."

Soon after leaving this despised old mother, Mr. Moffat and his party reached some water, and were glad to drink it, although so thick and muddy that it would hardly go down their throats.

At length the end of their journey, the long-wished-for Fish River, was in sight. How pleasant after the thirsty wilderness! But here the natives stopped the wagon. They had heard of Africaner, and of the missionary. They believed that hat-men, or hat-wearers, as they called white men, were all bad together; and finding that the dreadful Africaner and his hat-man thought of coming to live near them, they were quite determined to prevent it, if possible.

No doubt Africaner might have conquered these tribes as he had conquered others; but he did not wish to fight. He did not wonder that these people dreaded him; but so changed a man had he become that he was not even angry. The oxen

were allowed a few days' rest, and then were yoked into the wagon, with their heads turned away from the green banks of the Fish River towards the dreary wilderness again.

The travellers arrived at home in safety from their unsuccessful journey, and found everything looking very desolate.

Many of the men were obliged to go away to a considerable distance with their cattle, in order to find sufficient grass; so that the people became much scattered, and, in consequence, difficult to teach. Mr. Moffat therefore resolved not to remain constantly at the station, but, leaving the school in charge of Africaner's two Christian brothers, to go himself round about the country, preaching and teaching wherever any one could be found to listen.

You remember that Titus had just been on a journey with Mr. Moffat. He had become very much attached to his kind friend, the missionary, and when he knew that Mr. Moffat was going to travel from place on the back of an ox, whose large horns might hurt its rider, he was so very generous as to beg him to accept the only horse he had, which was extremely useful to himself in hunting.

Accompanied by an interpreter, who was on oxback, the missionary would start; his Bible and hymn-book tied up in a blanket, which was fastened to the back of his saddle. Each had a gun, but

they carried nothing else except a little tobacco and a tinder-box. (Lucifer matches were not in use in those days.) They took no provisions, as they expected to get food at the first kraal they reached.

You will understand that two men alone might get food, when thirty men could not; and besides, in these expeditions, Mr. Moffat only went to kraals round about where he was known.

After a hot day's ride, in the evening Mr. Moffat and his interpreter would perhaps reach a village. Here the women would bring their visitors a draught of fresh, sweet milk just drawn from the cow; and then, all assembling together, men, women, and children, would listen while Mr. Moffat read to them some portion from the Bible, and tried to teach them their duty to each other, and to the Great God who made them. Afterwards he would have some more milk, and lie down to sleep on a mat. Sometimes a kind woman would hang a wooden vessel full of milk on a forked stick near his head that he might find something to drink should he be thirsty in the night.

It is God who makes others kind to His servants as Titus and these women were. Mr. Moffat could say as Paul did: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

At one kraal, Mr. Moffat slept on the ground, near the door of the principal man's house. He

was disturbed in the night by something moving about on the outside of a thorn fence close to which he was lying. In the morning, Mr. Moffat said to his host, that he thought some of the cattle must have broken loose.

"Oh, no," answered the man; "it was not the cattle, I have been looking at the track, it was a lion; and a few nights ago he jumped over the fence and seized a goat exactly on the spot where you were sleeping."

Is it not wonderful that the lion did not jump over again to see what he could get, as he had been successful before? Surely the Eyes that never slumber were watching both Mr. Moffat and the lion that night!

Many other times, when saved from danger or death, Mr. Moffat thanked God as he did now, knowing that no one else had power to preserve him.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER JOURNEY.

Mr. Moffat and Africaner did not grow more satisfied with their desert-home as time went on; and as a part of the country belonging to the Griquas was offered to Africaner, he asked the missionary to go and see it. There was another missionary living at Griqua Town, named Mr. Andersen, and as neither he nor Mr. Moffat often saw countrymen of their own, doubtless they would be very glad to see each other and have a talk together.

Africaner did not go with Mr. Moffat this time, but sent his two brothers, David and Simon, and his son, Jonker, together with a guide called Jantye Vanderbyle.

There was not apparently so much fear of an attack in this direction as towards the north, for a guard was not considered necessary; and as the way lay near the Orange River, where it would be easy to get food, a wagon and provisions were dispensed with.

The travellers started with eight horses, their guns, and some karosses in which to wrap them-

selves by night. Several of these horses failed on the way, and they were obliged to be left behind with their burdens of skin-blankets.

Late one night, the travellers came suddenly close to a steep bank. It was dark; and, far down below, they heard the murmuring of the Orange River. No one ventured to go on, lest he should tumble in among the hippopotami playing in the river; and so all made up their minds to remain for the night where they were. No fire was kindled, for fear it should be seen by Bush-men who might be their enemies, and there were not karosses enough left for each to have one. In this difficulty, Mr. Moffat thought of a very strange bed: he dug a hole in the sand, into which he put himself, leaving out only his head. Here he was soon so comfortable, that he called to his companions to follow his example. One of them did so, and Mr. Moffat told him a story, when they were both in their holes, of another missionary who had done the same thing once, when he, with his dog, had been overtaken by night, and could get no better shelter. Large land-crabs had tried to get at the missionary's uncovered head, and the faithful dog had stayed awake, and kept the crabs off, while his master slept.

"There are no crabs here" said the other man; "but there are lions. What shall we do if the lions come?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Moffat, "*we* need not be

afraid of lions; they will not touch our heads when they can get whole bodies so easily!"

And so the weary men closed their eyes, and slept safely and peacefully in their strange sand beds.

The scenery on the Orange River was very different to that through which Mr. Moffat had passed on the first journey.

Sometimes, deep down between high precipices, ran the river; at other times, it spread itself out like a beautiful tranquil lake, reflecting from its clear bosom the towering mimosas, the tall acacias, and graceful weeping-willows. Swallows skimmed over its peaceful surface, catching in their rapid flight the sporting insects. Ducks, snipes, and flamingoes, with other beautifully-coloured birds, played among the waters, or rested under the green shade of the trees that grew on its banks or drooped their branches from the green islands that studded it. The sights were often very beautiful, much more so than the sounds; for none of the birds there have sweet notes, like our thrushes and blackbirds, larks and nightingales. They make hoarse croaks or shrill cries, not at all pleasant to hear. And could you have watched on the banks of the stream, you might have seen that everything was not so peaceful as at first sight appeared. There were kites and hawks sailing overhead, watching an opportunity to dart down upon any silly young duck or hare straying too far from

home. There was the fox, slowly and noiselessly stealing on to see what he could catch; the cobra and green serpent, winding their way up the trees to suck the eggs in the nest, or make a meal of the young birds. There, too, at night, prowled the African tiger, the hyena, and the lordly lion.

One day, Mr. Moffat washed his shirt in the river, and, while waiting for it to dry, laid himself down upon a rock, and looked about him. He observed a crow rise from the ground, carrying something dangling from its claws. He called to his companions to watch the bird.

"Oh," they cried, "it is only a crow with a tortoise! You will see it fall presently."

As they spoke, down fell the tortoise. The crow flew after it, caught it up almost as soon as it touched the ground, rose with it in the air higher than before, and then again let the creature drop.

Mr. Moffat and his friends hastened to secure the feast which the crow had so nicely prepared for them. They found the bird had already begun to eat his dinner; for he little imagined he had broken the hard shell of the tortoise for any one but himself. However, this once he had. He was scared away, and the tortoise was cooked for some one else.

Kites also kill tortoises in the same skilful manner. Did you ever think of the many wonderful ways in which birds, beasts, and insects have been taught to obtain their food?

Some days the travellers met with kind people, who had learned from missionaries, and so were glad to see one; but more commonly the people whom they encountered would give them neither meat, drink, nor shelter.

One day, the promise which Jesus gave to those who should preach his gospel was fulfilled to Mr. Moffat. You will find the promise in Mark xvi. 18: "And if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." This came literally true.

After a scorching ride across a plain, the weary men and horses approached a small Bushman kraal. They all went towards the huts; but Mr. Moffat, "because his horse would go," turned to a little pool at some distance, and being not unwilling to have a draught of water, he dismounted near the pool, crept through the bushes, and laid himself down to drink.

No sooner had he drank enough, and raised himself, than he felt a very peculiar taste and sensation in his mouth; and, looking carefully at the pool, and the fence around it, he came to the alarming conclusion that he had drunk poisoned water. Pools are sometimes poisoned for the purpose of killing animals who may come to drink. Mr. Moffat crept out again through the bushes, and remounted his horse, feeling—as he well might—that in a few minutes, probably, he would fall down dead.

At that moment, a man came running from the village, out of breath, and evidently much frightened. He was hastening to prevent Mr. Moffat drinking of the poisoned water. He took him by the hand, and tried to pull him away, talking very fast all the time. Mr. Moffat could not understand what he said, but made signs to let him know that he had already drunk. For a moment the Bushman stood speechless, and then ran back with all speed to the village, leaving Mr. Moffat to follow on horseback.

At the village, Mr. Moffat found every one in great distress. He dismounted. No one spoke; they gazed at him in silence, expecting to see him drop down and die. Mr. Moffat smiled, to comfort them; and succeeded so well, that they all began to babble and sing. He, however, began to feel strangely ill, as though he were going to burst; his heart beat very fast, and he became giddy. He drank a quantity of good, pure water, and this made him feel better; and he recovered so quickly, that by the time some zebra-meat had been cooked for the visitors, Mr. Moffat was ready for it, and really enjoyed it, though not quite so much as he would have done if he had not been so nearly poisoned just before.

The Bushmen at this kraal were very kind; and the next morning, when Mr. Moffat and his companions left, he gave them all the tobacco he had with him, so grateful did he feel to them. This

present made them jump about like mad creatures, with pleasure.

Mr. Moffat was grieved not to know their language, and he, as he had no interpreter, was compelled to go away without telling them of Him who came to save the poor and needy.

At the end of a week, the travellers reached a part of the stream called Kwees, and here it was resolved to make a short cut right across the country to Griqua Town. It was doubtful whether food or water could be obtained between Kwees and Griqua Town. All the meat was eaten except a very small piece, and this piece they decided to keep and carry with them. They drank as much water as possible, that they might not be in need directly, and then started.

On the way Mr. Moffat and Jantye accidentally separated from their companions, and lost all trace of them.

Night came on, and these two men found themselves alone on a large plain. They dismounted, intending to remain where they were until morning. In hopes of making their lost companions know in what direction to look for them, they fired a gun, and were answered—by the roar of a lion, almost close by!

No wood could be procured for a fire, which would scare him away; nothing could be done except to catch the horses and go on as well as they could through the dark night. The weary horses

had not strength to go fast, and Mr. Moffat and Jantye could hear the lion coming on behind them. It was too dark to see where they went, only the lion's roar sounded ever nearer and nearer. Presently the roar was all round them, echoing from rock to rock, and from crag to crag;—the world seemed full of lions to the weary, lost men. Their horses had walked into an opening between two precipices, and here every height echoed the roar.

You expect to hear now, that Jantye, at least, was eaten up. No, he was not; although the lion followed so long, and roared so much! He must have found something else to feast upon, for neither Mr. Moffat, Jantye, nor the horses, did he touch. By and by, it appeared from the sound, that the lion was farther off, and presently the moon, rising in the east, lighted up the rocks and crags, and shone down with her peaceful beams upon the travellers and their way.

A spot was reached at which they ventured to stop. The tired horses were allowed to wander and rest as they chose, while Mr. Moffat, with the guide, laid themselves down upon the ground without any supper, and, sleeping, dreamed that they had all manner of delights and comforts to enjoy.

When morning dawned they arose; and now the effects of weariness, and of the want of food and water were dreadfully felt. Mr. Moffat and Jantye arose from their hard resting-place, with

their eyes inflamed, their mouths so parched with thirst, that for some time they could not speak, and their whole bodies so burning with fever, that they did not know how to move. The horses had found a little grass, and so were better off than their masters, but even they were so worn out, that in a short time their still more worn out masters were obliged to dismount and drive them.

How did those two men keep on their dreary way through the day? The sun beat down like fire upon them, and sometimes, a little to cool their burning brains, they would thrust their heads into a deserted ant-hill, where there was at least something between them and the scorching rays. Think of the hottest summer-day you remember, double it in your mind, and then imagine yourself out in the same circumstances as Mr. Moffat and Jantye. There was neither rock nor tree to shelter them from the heat; not a cloud in the sky to cast its grateful shadow upon them; and not a sound to be heard in the air, or on the earth, save the shrill chirping of a kind of beetle. They dared not stop their march—to stop there was to die. Jantye became delirious as he walked along, and the words he managed to say showed Mr. Moffat that he did not know what he was talking about.

At last they could go on no more. They came to a bush, and there sat down. Was it to die? Who was there to help them? God was in the desert; and now, in their great need, as they lay

exhausted under that bush, He directed Jantye's eyes to a hill at some distance. Jantye was so used to all the appearances of a dry and thirsty land, that, as he looked at the hillside, and saw on it a patch of greenness, he knew that there they should find water. Hope helped them once more to rise, and, driving their horses still, to reach the hillside. It was now late in the afternoon, and, although they had been so long without water, they dared not drink directly, knowing that while they were so hot and exhausted, the cooling-draught would very likely kill them. So they sat down at a little distance to rest, and enjoy the feeling of the relief that was before them; and as soon as they thought it would be safe, they thankfully drank from the pool, although it was swarming with animalcules, and very muddy and filthy.

This pool refreshed the travellers and their horses, enough to enable them to pursue their journey; and, late at night, they succeeded in reaching Mr. Andersen's house, at Griqua Town.

Mr. Moffat and Jantye entered Mr. Andersen's house, but they were both unable to utter a word, and only by signs could they make themselves understood. Very much surprised were the good missionary and his wife at the appearance of visitors in so sad a plight, and very kind they were, too, you may be sure. Mr. Moffat and Jantye had not tasted food for three days; but now quickly Mrs. Andersen brought them what was in her

larder, and prepared some coffee, which did them much good.

How pleasant to lie down on a bed once more without fear of lions or pain from thirst. Mr. Moffat begged his kind host to place a large bucketful of water by his bedside; but Mr. Andersen was afraid so much would make his friend ill, and only gave him a tumblerful.

The rest of the party reached Mr. Andersen's in a few days. They had wandered, too, but happily, towards the river, so that while they had a longer journey than Mr. Moffat and Jantye, it had not been so painful a one.

They all remained at Griqua Town for a few days, to recruit. During those days, Mr. Moffat made every inquiry that he could about the land and the people, that he might be able to tell Africaner whether or no it would be wise to remove from Namaqua-land to Griqua Town.

Mr. Andersen supplied his guests with biscuit and some tobacco before they left, and wished them with all his heart a safe journey home.

Towards the desert upon which Mr. Moffat had so nearly lost his life, the whole party started on their homeward way. Their horses were recovered and brisk, so that they made quick progress. The weather was hot, but black threatening clouds were gathering in the sky. These clouds were for a while a pleasant kind of parasol; but long before the spot was reached at which the tra-

vellers intended to encamp for the night, an awful thunderstorm burst overhead. The vivid lightning startled the horses; the peals of thunder deafened their riders; the torrents of rain soaked them to the skin. After the thunder and lightning had died away in the distance, a cold, piercing wind sprang up, and the rain changed to hail, which pattered down unmercifully upon the drenched men.

Night came on: the travellers dismounted, and tried to find something dry with which to make a fire. After many failures to light the sticks, etc. which were collected, they were compelled to give up the attempt, and lie down on the wet ground in their wet clothes, without shelter from the wind and hail.

Mr. Moffat thought of his old plan for a bed, and scraped away the wet sand until he came to some drier below, for the rain had not soaked in far. There he and one of his companions went to sleep; but they do not seem to have been benefited much. They all awoke dizzy, stiff, cold, and covered with mud.

There was plenty of water, however, so at least they could all wash. This they did, and wrung the water from their wet clothes before putting them on again. The next thought was breakfast. The biscuit Mr. Andersen had given them would be quite a treat. The bag was opened; but how disappointing! the rain had soaked the biscuit

through and through; and not only so, the tobacco had been unfortunately put into the same bag, and now there they were so mixed together that the biscuit was nothing but a nasty brown paste, which it was impossible to eat. There was nothing for breakfast but water!

The clouds had cleared away, and the sun shone out brightly, so that the travellers were soon warm and dry again. Indeed, before many hours were gone they were as much too hot as they had been too cold.

At last Africaner's kraal was reached after many difficulties and wonderful escapes. From the information Mr. Moffat brought, Africaner determined not to move at present, but still to wait and see if anything better offered.

There is a verse in the Bible which says, "A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The man spoken of is the Lord Jesus, and the verse is written to teach us how very precious He is. Perhaps you have not yet found out that the Saviour is precious at all; you have friends who know it, and they pray for you that when, in your journey through this world, tempests overtake you, you may find Jesus to be a hiding-place and a covert; and when you reach a dry place or a weary land, He may be to you a river of water, and the shadow of a great rock. Very

likely your journey is now so smooth and comfortable you do not see how such a change will ever come; but at any rate you can see that after this painful journey to and from Griqua Town, Mr. Moffat and his companions must have better understood the value of a hiding-place, a covert, a river of water, and the shadow of a great rock.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VISIT TO THE CAPE.

Not very long after his return from Griqua Town Mr. Moffat resolved to pay a visit to Cape Town.

One reason which made him very desirous of going to the Cape was, that a young lady was on her way from England to be his wife. He wished to go and meet her and be married to her.

Mr. Moffat told Africaner that he was going, and why, and asked whether he would not go too. He thought a visit to civilized people would do Africaner good; that he would see and learn much to interest and improve him, while those who had heard of Africaner's great wickedness would find out for themselves how different a man he had become.

When Mr. Moffat asked him to go, Africaner exclaimed, "Are you in earnest?" seeming to think that his kind friend must have almost lost his senses. "I thought you loved me," he continued; "and do you advise me to go to the Government, and be hung up as a spectacle of public justice?

Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that one thousand rix dollars have been offered for this poor head?"

Mr. Moffat replied that there was no longer any reason to fear; he was no more the Africaner who had been outlawed, and for whose head this reward had been offered; but God had made him "a new man;" and that he believed the Governor of the Cape would be glad to see him.

Africaner answered, "I shall roll my way upon the Lord; I know he will not leave me." And so he went to pray and ask God to make him decide rightly about this journey.

The people publicly discussed the matter, and many of them privately asked Mr. Moffat whethe he really advised their chief to venture. So important an affair was it that it took three whole days to come to a decision. At last it was decided that Africaner should go, and preparations were immediately made for the departure of their missionary and chief. The wagon was repaired; the clothes looked over; the school provided for; and instructions given about what was to be done during the months the people would be left.

It was agreed that when on the way the travellers approached any farmhouse, Africaner should behave as though he were one of Mr. Moffat's servants: lest the Boers, whom he had so provoked in times past, should recognise him, and, still feeling angry, should try to kill him. Mr. Moffat gave Africaner

one of his few remaining shirts to wear; and as he had trousers, coat, and hat of his own, his appearance was no more savage.

The people seem to have felt parting with Africaner and their missionary very much, though they hoped to see them return again in safety. Almost all the inhabitants of the kraal accompanied them to the banks of the Orange River, and there parted from them with many tears.

Mr. Moffat stopped first at Pella, the place to which the people had gone when Africaner attacked Warm Bath. No one was afraid to see him now. He was welcomed with joy by his fellow Christians at Pella; and there Africaner met other warriors, with whom he had fought savagely in times past, but who had now, like him, learned to worship and love the Prince of peace.

On the journey towards the Cape, the wagon one day approached the house of a Boer. This Boer was a really good man (for some of the Boers are good, and most are kind and hospitable to strangers). Mr. Moffat went towards the house to ask for water, and the farmer, seeing a stranger went down to meet him.

They had known each other before, and therefore Mr. Moffat held out his hand, and said how glad he was to see an old friend again. Instead of shaking hands, however, the farmer quickly put his behind him, and staring at Mr. Moffat asked him who he was.

"I am Robert Moffat," was the answer. "Have you forgotten me?"

"Moffat!" exclaimed the farmer; "it is your ghost," and he stepped away backwards.

"I am no ghost," replied Mr. Moffat.

"Don't come near me!" again exclaimed the terrified farmer. "Africaner murdered you long ago."

"But I am no ghost," said Mr. Moffat, "feel my hands and see."

But the farmer only became more frightened. He stood staring at what he thought was a ghost, while his wife and children at the door of the house were astonished to see him give so strange a reception to a visitor.

"Every one says you were murdered; and a man told me he had seen your bones," said the farmer.

At last his trembling hand was put in Mr. Moffat's. The ghost's hand proved to be real bone and flesh, it did not melt away, or turn into nothing when it was touched.

"When did you rise from the dead?" asked the farmer; for he could scarcely believe that Africaner had not murdered him.

He would not take Mr. Moffat to the house; for he was afraid his wife would be as much alarmed as he had been till she knew who this unexpected visitor was. So they walked together to the wagon, talking as they approached about Africaner; for the farmer did not know he was there.

DUTCH FARMER AND AFRICANER

Mr. Moffat said, "He is now a truly good man."

"I can believe almost everything you say," replied the farmer, "but that I cannot credit; there are seven wonders in the world, that would be the eighth."

They talked on in this manner until they reached the place where Africaner was sitting, and just then the farmer exclaimed:

"Well, if what you assert be true about that man, I have only one wish, and that is, to see him before I die. When you return to his kraal, as sure as the sun is over our heads, I will go with you to see him, though he killed my own uncle."

"Do you really wish to see him? Here then is Africaner," answered Mr. Moffat, pointing to the man at their feet.

The farmer started back, and stared at the man. "Are you Africaner?" he asked.

Africaner arose, took off his hat, made a polite bow, and answered, "I am."

The farmer seemed thunderstruck, and could only praise God for His great power and goodness in changing the heart of such a man. He then went and told his wife who the visitors were, and she gladly supplied them with all they needed. Mr. Moffat, however, hastened away, lest this farmer might tell others not so good, that Africaner was in the country.

The Governor at the Cape gave the travellers a very kind reception, and many persons wished to see the renowned Africaner, of whom they had heard so much.

The Governor presented him with a very strong and useful wagon in token of his goodwill before he left the Cape.

Little did Mr. Moffat think when he crossed the Orange River, and bade farewell to his poor, weeping friends on its banks, that he should never go back to them again.

You must remember that Mr. Moffat had been appointed to go to Africaner's kraal by a number of Christian people called the London Missionary Society.

Some gentlemen sent out by this society to see how their missionaries were getting on, found Mr. Moffat at the Cape. They took him with them, as a kind of guide and interpreter, to the various stations at which their missionaries were living; and more than this, finding him so brave, and good, and useful a man, they wished him to go to the Bechuanas who seemed to need him more than Africaner.

Mr. Moffat was at first very much startled, he did not like to leave his kind friend Africaner, yet for many reasons it seemed right to go to the Bechuanas. Africaner himself wished it, so unselfish was he. He told Mr. Moffat he hoped

some day to be able to bring his people and come to live in the Bechuana country near his missionary again. He offered to convey Mr. Moffat's books and furniture, which had been left at his kraal, across the country to Lattakoo. Lattakoo is the name of the place at which Mr. Moffat was now going to settle. You know the difficulties of travelling in Africa, and will understand that this offer of Africaner's was very generous. So Mr. Moffat went to Lattakoo, and Africaner returned to his own kraal.

A year later, Mr. Moffat received a visit from Africaner, who arrived at Lattakoo with his wagon full of the articles his friend had left in Namaqualand. After that visit, Africaner and Mr. Moffat never met again.

Two years after, Africaner left his desert-home, and poor little hut, for that land in which no one hungers or thirsts; but where the inhabitants dwell in a city paved with gold, and are led by their Saviour to fountains of living waters. Africaner was dead; but his brother Titus became a Christian and tried to fill his lost brother's place.

Yonker, Africaner's son, you will be sorry to hear, proved a great grief to his father; for he became a robber-chief. He left the old kraal, and, with some of the people, went to the Fish River, where he lived by plunder.

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST MISSIONARIES TO THE BECHUANAS.

Mr. Moffat was not the first missionary to the Bechuanas. While the good Albrechts, and after them Mr. Moffat had been labouring in the deserts of Namaqua-land, several missionaries had been sent to the Bechuanas. These missionaries had not succeeded in doing much good; but you shall hear a little about them.

Two of them appear to have forgotten that they had gone among the heathen for the purpose of teaching them. They traded in ivory, and did all they could to grow rich. They professed to be the servants of God; but they only tried to serve themselves, and both were punished. One was murdered by the Bechuanas; the other was left to listen to his own bad heart, until he came to believe there was no God at all. So when he had collected ivory enough he went nearer to the Cape and bought a farm, on which to live—without God. He may have been rich; you know he could not have been happy; and think what the end must have been!

Some years passed away, and two more missionaries were sent to the Bechuanas. Mr. Evans and Mr. Hamilton; Mothibi, the king of Lattakoo, promised when they came he would be kind to them.

"I will be a father to them," he said.

They arrived, and the king changed his mind. He asked what they had brought for trading. The missionaries replied that they had not come to trade, and reminded him of his promise to be kind to them.

The king answered: "You may come to protect me, but you want water, much water; you had better go to the river."

They told him Mr. Hamilton could do carpenter's work, and that another missionary was coming who was a smith and could make hatchets for him.

This seemed to please Mothibi, but still he answered: "There is no water; there are no trees; the people have customs and will not hear." Then he said again, they might stop if they would only trade as the first missionaries had done, and not teach his subjects.

But these good men had come only to teach, they would remain for nothing else.

At last Mothibi turned to the people who were crowded round to listen, and asked them whether the missionaries should stay.

"The missionaries must not come here," shouted

the crowd; and the king repeated after them, "The missionaries must not come here."

So the missionaries yoked their oxen into the wagon which had brought them, while the people pressed round begging for presents and tobacco. When they had received all that was to be had, they hooted, and hissed, and derided, crying—

"Away with the white people. Away with the white people."

The white people went away to Griqua Town, and there stayed for a while, hoping that King Mothibi would in time allow them to come to Lattakoo. Mr. Evans grew tired of waiting and went away; but Mr. Hamilton remained praying and hoping.

At last the king consented to receive a teacher. He did this because he had heard from another good missionary who paid him a visit, that Mr. Hamilton had been to the Cape, and had brought back to Griqua Town many things which would be useful to him and his people.

Mr. Hamilton gladly went to Lattakoo as soon as he found it possible, and took with him the useful things of which the king had heard.

Not long after Mr. Hamilton had settled at Lattakoo, Mothibi collected together a number of his men, and started on an expedition against another tribe, for the purpose of stealing their cattle. He was very unsuccessful; as, indeed, he deserved to be. Many of his men were killed by the spears

and arrows of their enemies; others were dashed down precipices; and Mothibi himself came limping back with his foot very badly wounded.

This calamity induced him to move with his subjects to the banks of the Kuruman river. Here he was further from his enemies, and a new town was built, called, like the old one, Lattakoo. As Mr. Hamilton moved with them, the missionary-station was formed at this new town; and for some time he was the only missionary there.

Before telling you what Mr. Moffat thought of the Bechuanas when he went to join Mr. Hamilton, you shall hear a little story about Mr. Hamilton and a loaf of his.

He had built his house, and made a water-course from the river to the spot which was to be his garden. He had dug his ground, and planted it with grain that he might have bread to eat. The corn had sprung up, and, as he watered it carefully from his water-course, it had grown tall and yellow. He cut down his ears of corn, and separated the wheat from the chaff. All this was in preparation for a loaf of bread, as in these savage lands, farmers, thrashers, millers, and bakers are not so much as thought of.

Next Mr. Hamilton took two handstones; that is, two flat stones, one of which has a handle in the middle. Between the stones he placed his wheat, and by dint of steady labour for some hours, succeeded in grinding it into flour. He then mixed

his flour into a paste with some salt and water, kneaded it well, and placed it among the embers to bake. It was a fine large loaf, and as Mr. Hamilton lifted it up, and smelt it, and felt how hot and heavy it was, he thought what a treat was in store for him. Why, this loaf would last him a whole week!

He did not begin to eat it just then, however; it was time for him to be going to the chapel, so he placed the loaf carefully upon a shelf, fastened the door of his little house securely, and hastened to the chapel to pray with and preach to any one who might come. When service was over, he returned home, promising himself a capital supper off his nice new loaf.

Mr. Hamilton unfastened the door and entered. The shelf upon which he had certainly placed the loaf was empty—his bread was gone. The door had not been opened, how then had it been stolen? Ah! the tiny window which looked too small for any one to squeeze through had been forced open, and the thief had managed to creep in there, and out again with the precious loaf in his hand.

This was the kind of thanks Mr. Hamilton received for leaving all his dear English friends, and pleasant English comforts, and spending his life in trying to teach the Bechuanas. He was not looking for any reward here; he could wait till Jesus said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

CHAPTER X.

MR. MOFFAT'S NEW HOME.

Let us now return to Mr. Moffat.

Miss Smith, the young lady whom Mr. Moffat expected to meet at the Cape, arrived, and they were married there before Mr. Moffat said good-bye to his old friend Africaner, and went to join his new friend, Mr. Hamilton, at Lattakoo.

Mr. Moffat tells us he found the Bechuanas had no idea of God, and did not care to hear about Him. They only liked white men who had something to give them; and would pretend to listen to what they were taught, that they might get into favour with Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat, and have more things given to them.

The Bechuanas are sociable, and not so ferocious as the Caffres; but still they see no harm in robbing, lying, or murdering. They despise the Bushmen, and think themselves much superior to the Hottentots.

The men employ their time in war or hunting; or, when at home they will watch the cows, milk them, or prepare fur and skins for karosses.

The women dig the ground, sow the grain, and reap the harvest. They build the houses, make the fences, and fetch wood and water. Thus, you see the hard work is left for the women, and the men like to have many wives, because the more women there are to do the work, the more idle the men can be.

A man will quietly lie down under the shade of a tree, and watch his wives at a distance building him a new house, or dragging large pieces of wood to the spot at which his hut is to be built. The day may be very hot, they may be very tired, or, perhaps even they may not be well; he sees no reason in all that why he should not enjoy himself under the tree instead of helping them.

Mr. Moffat one day went to speak to some women who were thus building a hut. As he approached, the wife of a principal man of the kraal was about to climb on to the roof without the assistance of a ladder. It was not very easy to get up; and Mr. Moffat, as any Englishman would, thought it a very unsuitable employment for a woman.

"You should get your husbands to do that part of the work," said he.

The builders roared with laughter; and the queen and some men who were loitering about hearing the noise came to see the cause of so much merriment. Mr. Moffat's speech was repeated, and then every one laughed louder than before.

The queen, however, said it would be a very good plan; and she wished the missionary could give their husbands medicine to cure their laziness, and make them work. Though the queen thought this idea a good one, most of the new ideas which the missionaries brought, she and all the people considered very silly.

For instance, they did not see any sense in white men putting their legs, and feet, and bodies into "bags," and thought it wiser to remain uncovered. It seemed to them very ridiculous to fasten these strange bags with the beautiful things called by the white men buttons. They liked the buttons to string and wear as ornaments for the neck or hair. Washing was to them a nasty habit, to smear the body with grease and red ochre, proper. They laughed to see the missionaries trying to keep their houses, beds, and food clean, and thought it very unnecessary labour.

These civilized notions of propriety might, perhaps, be learned in course of time. The dirt and want of manners annoyed and troubled the missionaries very much; but the first and greatest difficulty was to make the Bechuanas understand, or wish to understand, something of the Great God who made them.

Once Mr. Moffat talked for a long time to a chief as he stood before him leaning on his spear. The chief did listen; for when Mr. Moffat had said all he wished, and was going away, the chief called

thirty of his men who were near, and repeated to them what he had said.

"Here is Mr. Moffat," he said, "who tells me that the heavens were made, and the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls God. Have you ever heard any thing to be compared to this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of God; that God causes winter to follow summer; the winds to blow; the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud." Then, casting his arms about him, he exclaimed, "God works in everything you see and hear. Did you ever hear such words?" The men looked ready to burst out laughing. "Wait," continued the chief, "I will tell you more: Mr. Moffat says we have spirits in us which never die; and that our bodies after death will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day. Did you ever hear such fables as these?"

It was impossible to prevent it any longer, the listeners all laughed as loudly as possible; and when they were tired of laughing, the chief turned to Mr. Moffat, and begged him not to tell them any more such fables, lest they should think him mad.

This chief did listen to what was said; but oftener it happened that after the missionaries had tried for a long time to explain something to a man, who appeared to attend, he would turn to them and say, "What is that which you wish to tell me?"

Sometimes a few people would come to the services which were held in the chapel. They did not come to listen to God's Word, or to pray to Him. They would sit upon the seats with their knees up to their chins, and there chatter and laugh, or go to sleep and snore aloud. Then, perhaps, some one who was asleep would fall off the seat upon the floor—an accident which would make all the congregation shout with laughter.

At other times no one would come to the service at all; or a thief would just pop his head in at the door to see who was preaching, and then run off to the house of the missionary who was in the chapel, to see what he could steal.

Mr. Moffat built himself a house at Lattakoo. Not a round hut like those of the natives, nor such a one as he had lived in at Africaner's kraal, but a square house, more like an English cottage. This was a work of great labour; and though it was neat and comfortable when finished, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat could not enjoy it.

Why? you ask.

The dirty Bechuanas would come in and stay. They did not see that their missionaries did not like so many visitors. So all day long they were there; touching the furniture with their fingers, and leaving red, greasy marks upon everything they handled and wherever they sat. They would squat down and have a chatter; they would lie down and take a nap on the floor, and afterwards

go away, carrying with them knives, spoons, files, hatchets, or anything else which might be of use to them.

In course of time Mrs. Moffat had a little baby girl born, and then it must have been more disagreeable than ever to have the house full of the Bechuanas. For the baby had to be nursed and looked after, while some one must watch to see that everything was not stolen.

One day Mrs. Moffat was going to chapel, and wished to lock the door, as she always did before leaving the house. There was a Bechuana woman in the kitchen; it would not do to lock her in. Mrs. Moffat's baby was in her arms, and she was waiting to lock up. So she gently asked the woman to be so good as go out. The woman, instead of doing as she was asked, seized a large piece of wood, and was about to throw it at Mrs. Moffat, who would doubtless have been much hurt, had she not run away to save herself and the baby. The woman remained in the kitchen as long as she chose; and when she was satisfied, and had stolen what she wanted, she walked away.

Besides building their houses, and a house in which they could worship God together, the missionaries had to make gardens and cultivate them. The gardens were not for flowers; flowers they could do without, but corn and vegetables they must have for food, as they would soon be ill did they eat only meat.

They fenced in their land; with great trouble they dug a long watercourse from the river, sowed their precious seeds, and hoped to have corn for bread without much more trouble.

Their hopes were in vain. The Bechuana women had watched the digging of the watercourse with great curiosity, and when they saw how the water flowed down the channel to the white men's gardens, they thought it would be useful to themselves. Soon Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat found the water ceased to flow to their ground. How was this? The women had made channels from the watercourse into their own gardens, and had shut up the channel which flowed to the missionaries'. Of course the water ran to the Bechuana gardens, and left the others dry.

The poor missionaries complained, as well they might; the Bechuanas laughed. This was a serious affair, and no laughing matter to the illused white men; and they still complained. The Bechuanas grew angry, and were determined that the missionaries should have no benefit from the watercourse. They went to the river, and broke down the dam from which the water was turned into the watercourse, so that no water ran in at all.

Contention could do no good. The missionaries found the only way was to walk to the river, and fetch whatever water they were obliged to have for their houses and gardens. This was hard and weary work. They used to carry with them their

knives, spoons, and forks, lest these useful articles should be stolen in their absence.

Many nights the missionaries spent in watering their gardens, instead of sleeping. The result of their care was, that some golden ears of corn waved their heads in the sunshine, some carefully shaded greens hid themselves among the bushes. Who was to enjoy them? Not the labourers. Almost all was stolen by the Bechuanas, who would not have cared one bit if their white friends died from want of the vegetables.

As vegetables were so scarce, the missionaries were compelled to eat a great deal of meat; therefore they kept some cattle.

The people did just the same to the cattle as to everything else. They would sometimes amuse themselves in the evening by driving the animals from the fold into a bog, and, when it was too dark to find them, they would knock at Mr. Moffat's door, and tell him of the accident, as they called it. Before daylight dawned, some of the oxen would be devoured by hyenas, or be eaten by the deceitful men who had driven them away. Once they killed and cut up the strongest of the oxen used for the wagon, and carried him altogether away, except one shoulder. The sheep they often stole, and would cut off the tails or break the legs of those they left.

In the midst of all this hard labour and ill-usage, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat did not forget

for what purpose they were living at Lattakoo. Christ himself, when on earth, was depised and rejected. These two good men were only being used as their Master was; and, through all difficulties, they still proclaimed the wondrous story of love and pardon.

On Sundays, they took it by turns to go round to the villages, and instruct the people. They used to walk, and started very early in the morning, in order to be back again before the greatest heat of the day. Walking on the hot sand was extremely painful to the feet. This the people knew, and, because they enjoyed to see their teachers suffer, it was common to detain them as much as possible.

Thus, suppose Mr. Moffat arrived at a kraal very early some Sunday morning. He would ask the chief man to call the people together, that he might talk to them. The chief would consent, but would not call them yet; he would wait until the sun was hot overhead and the ground hot underfoot. Mr. Moffat, he knew, would not go until he had said what he had to say. So, when the sun was well up, the meeting was called, and Mr. Moffat told them of the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, and prayed to them to believe in Him and to love him. The people heard, and heeded not; but, as soon as he had finished, their delight was to watch the wearied preacher walk away over the plain, to-

wards the station. His way was over the burning sand, under the burning sun; and they stood and laughed to see him step carefully from one tuft of grass to another, sometimes sitting down under the shadow of a bush, to cool his head and feet.

Both Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, yes, and their wives also, must have had great love to Christ, to endure all this unkindness and ingratitude for His sake. The Bechuanas could not understand it. To them, the missionaries' endurance was very strange. They fancied these white men had other reasons for staying than they pretended to have. It was not possible they should be content to suffer all they did, in order to teach their persecutors a few ridiculous fables, which no one could believe.

Some said, "They have come to our country to get a living." This idea was not very bright. It was evident to all that the white men were richer than themselves, and could obtain, from their own country, such things as had never been seen or heard of at Lattakoo.

Some brighter ones said: "No; they must be wicked people, who have committed some great crime, and have run away, choosing to suffer as they do here, rather than endure the punishment they would have to bear in their own country.

One day, Mr. Moffat's knife was stolen out of his coat-pocket, while he was preaching. Mr. Moffat asked a chief to try and find the thief, and

recover the knife. The chief did not trouble himself to do this, but answered, "What is the reason you do not return to your own land? If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you."

Mr. Moffat could not make the chief understand why he remained. He and Mr. Hamilton still worked, and prayed, and waited, believing that the day would come when the Bechuanas would know why they had left their own land and would thank them for doing so.

That day did come at last. Mr. Moffat is still living among the Bechuanas. He has been there for many years, and is growing an old man now. The Lord Jesus, whom he served through all these persecutions and discouragements has given him a large reward here. Many of the heathen have become Christians, many have gone to heaven. Mr. Moffat, too, will some day be called to his rest. Here he has "turned many to righteousness:" there he will "shine as the stars, for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XI.

THE RAINMAKER.

THE country round Lattakoo suffered frequently from long drought. No rain fell for many months together, and then so little, that it was all dried up in an hour or two. The cattle died from want of pasture; the people died from want of food. Such a drought had continued year after year, at the time of which you are now hearing, and the Bechuanas were enduring great privations from the want of rain.

In England, rain is so common, that we do not understand how great a blessing it is. Look out of the window at the green grass, the leafy trees, the bright flowers; and try to imagine the consequence were no showers to fall in England from this day, for, let us say, three years. For a little while you would see no great difference; but by and by how changed everything would be!

Think—the sun shining all day long, without a cloud to veil its hot, staring face (for you must imagine it summer all the time). The leaves stripped from the trees for want of sap to keep them alive, and no sweet opening buds in their

place. The fields brown and bare; grass and corn, and all the green herbs, scorched up and dry. The cattle panting in the noon-day heat, lowing at the brink of the dried-up pond, where once they drank, or pushing their mouths among the roots of the withered grass, if haply they may find one green shoot. The sheep dying in the folds; no pretty, playful lambs frisking among them; no barking, bounding dog, collecting them from their pasture; they are quietly lying down waiting to die. The bird's song is hushed; the babbling brook is silent; the hedgerow ferns and flowers gone.

And in your own home there is hardly water to wash you, or dress your food. Every drop you drink is measured, while you long and beg for more. Supposing yours to be a rich home, you may still have food; but among the cottages famine is creeping in. The children's faces have grown long and thin; they are forgetting the taste of meat and butter, and milk; even those who used to know such tastes well. Coarse bread they may have still; but the wheat to make it is brought from foreign lands, and costs so much, that their fathers can hardly buy enough to keep their famishing wives and little ones alive.

English children, be thankful for the rain. Much suffering, you see, would be the consequence, were a drought to visit our green island; but in South Africa affairs are in some respects even worse. The people do not trade with foreign lands as we

do, and so cannot obtain elsewhere what is wanting at home.

God has, in a wonderful manner, prepared the land for long droughts, and we find in Africa many animals and plants which can live without water for a long time, yet not so long as these droughts often continue. Many and many a child, many a man, many a woman, many a beast, has died in Africa for want of the precious rain.

In South Africa rain is so much thought of, that in every tribe there is a person called a rain-maker. Sometimes a tribe possesses two or three. These rainmakers are very expert in deceiving the people, and gain so much power over the ignorant minds around them, that they become very important, and are believed in everywhere.

While the Bechuanas were suffering so much from the want of water, there dwelt among another tribe, far away to the east, a very celebrated rain-maker, who was said to be very successful in causing the showers to fall.

To this man ambassadors were sent by the Bechuanas, entreating him to come to their aid. The ambassadors were told on no account to return without him; and if he did not think it worth his while to come so far, they might promise him as much payment as they chose. They were to tell him he should be made the richest man that ever lived, and have flocks and herds given him, enough to cover all the hills; so that he might even wash

his hands in milk, while, all the songs they sang, should be in his praise. These were very extravagant promises. The rainmaker thought they sounded like reward enough to repay him, so he consented to return with the ambassadors.

In the meantime, the poor Bechuanas were watching and waiting for the wonderful man to arrive. A report went abroad that their messengers had been killed on the way. All the hope was changed to disappointment; all the bright expectation to gloom. The sun shone as unclouded as ever; they would have danced to see gloom in the sky.

Then came a forerunner to say, that the rainmaker was approaching with the ambassadors, and that he sent orders for every one in the town to wash their feet. The whole people shouted with joy, and rushed to the river, that they might have clean feet when the great man appeared.

Black clouds were gathering in the sky. Was the rainmaker already at work? He began to descend the hill towards the town. In the clouds above him, the forked lightning played; the thunder echoed from the rocks around him; and on the town beyond, large drops of rain were falling, like harbingers of plenty. The people danced and shouted—wild with happiness and ecstasy.

The rainmaker entered the town, and with a loud voice proclaimed, that he was going to make so much rain that the women must plant their gardens on the hillsides this year, the plains would

be deluged. That day, however, only a few drops fell. The thunder and lightning and heavy rain-clouds were swept away by the wind.

After the excitement and noise of the rainmaker's reception were over, some men went to the missionaries, to laugh at them.

"Where is your God?" they asked. "Have you seen our god? Have you not beheld him cast from his arms his fiery spears and rend the heavens? Have you not heard with your ears his voice in the clouds? You talk of Jehovah and Jesus, what can they do?"

They called the rainmaker God, and believed he made the thunder and lightning. The missionaries said nothing in reply. They knew God himself was able to answer these questions, and show what He could do. All the tribes round soon heard of the fame of the rainmaker, and many of the chiefs came to pay their respects to him. The missionaries did not go and pay him homage as every one else did; the rainmaker came to visit them instead. He had heard of the missionaries, and believed they would be his enemies; but when he went to their houses he found, that, however much they might disapprove of his deceitful trade, they were not going to quarrel with him. He liked the tobacco they gave him, and when he saw the things they made from wood and iron in their workshop, he wished very much they would go to his country and make such useful things for him.

This deceiver and his wife were provided with a hut at Lattakoo, in which to live until the rain was made. But the rain-making seemed to be no such easy matter, weeks passed away and none fell.

When clouds appeared in the sky the women were forbidden to sow or plant anything, lest the showers should be scared away. They were sent into the country round to gather certain herbs and roots which the rainmaker said he required to burn, and so make a particular kind of smoke to entice the clouds. He also had sheep and goats given him which he killed, pretending in this way to please the clouds.

But neither the smoke, nor the sheep and goats succeeded. The clouds were hard to be won.

Then the rainmaker complained. "Some one must be disobeying my orders. The women must have been sowing while the clouds were in the sky. You do not give me anything but sheep and goats; give me oxen and I will let you see ox rain."

One day, as his wife was busy churning, he fell asleep in his house. While he was asleep, it began to rain. One of the principal men of the town ran to the hut to congratulate the rainmaker on his success, and was, as you may imagine, very much surprised to find him asleep, and quite unconscious of the shower which was falling.

"Héla ka rare," (halloo, my father,) exclaimed the astonished man, as he woke the rainmaker, "I thought you were making rain."

Up jumped the sleeper wide awake and with his senses all alive in a minute. Pointing to his wife, he answered, "Do you not see my wife churning rain as fast as she can?"

This reply was considered satisfactory; the man went away believing the deceiver more than ever, and soon all the town heard that the rain-maker had churned the shower out of a milk-sack.

It was unfortunately only a shower, and in a few hours the sun had dried up every trace of the moisture, Weeks and weeks passed on, but the rainmaker and his wife found no more showers to be churned out of their milk-sack.

The people, thin as skeletons, were going by hundreds out into the open country searching for roots to keep them alive, while many more really died of starvation. No wonder they became impatient, and asked why the promised rain did not come.

The wicked man knew perfectly well he could not make it, but he thought, "Some day it is sure to rain; if I can only deceive the people till that day comes they will believe I made it. I must give them something to do to fill up the time."

He told the men he must have a baboon before he could make rain. Not a dead one; they must catch it and bring it to him alive. And not only alive, it must not be hurt, not even scratched or bruised, or with a hair wanting. This was indeed no easy task, but away went the men to hunt the baboons. Up the rocks and precipices among the

mountains scrambled the men ; while the animals leaped from rock to rock, grunting and screaming, or looked down from some height upon their pursuers, grinning and gnashing their teeth, and wondering, no doubt, for what they could be wanted. At length the men secured a young baboon, and with great joy and exultation returned to the town with their prize.

They took it to the rainmaker. He looked at it, and then with an expression of the deepest sorrow exclaimed, "My heart is rent in pieces, I am dumb with grief."

Why, do you think?

He pointed to the baboon's ear ; it was scratched and bleeding ; he pointed to its tail ; some hairs had been rubbed off. "Did I not tell you I could not make rain if there was one hair wanting?" said he.

The men went again to hunt the baboons, and caught another ; but it, too, was imperfect. No rain could be obtained through the baboons.

The rainmaker tried another plan. He said the clouds required very strong medicine, and that a lion's heart was very strong medicine. If the people would procure a lion's heart, he would make enough rain to sweep away the whole town.

One day, a lion attacked some cattle at a distance from Lattakoo. As soon as it was known, away went the men to kill the lion, and bring his heart

to the rainmaker. The lion was shot, and no sooner was it dead than the hunters cut it up, and after carefully taking out its heart roasted its flesh and made a feast. The lion eaten, they returned to the town in great triumph, bearing with them the heart, and shouting conquerors' songs as they marched along.

The rainmaker took the lion's heart and carried it up to the top of a hill. Here he built fires and made smoke rise towards the sky; he stretched out his arms, beckoned to the clouds, and was even so foolish as to shake his spear at them, and threaten to punish them if they did not come at his command and bring rain.

What cared the clouds? Or what cared the Great God who rules the clouds, for this poor creature's threats? The clouds obeyed their Almighty Ruler, not this foolish man, and all his threats did not bring the much-needed rain.

Now the rainmaker said the fault was with the missionaries. It happened that Mr. Moffat had lately been to Griqua Town, and had brought back, among other things, a bag of *chalk*. What fault could be found with the missionaries? This bag of white stuff was suspicious looking, and the rainmaker declared that there was a bag of *salt* in the mission store-house, which was keeping the rain away.

The king, Mothibi, visited Mr. Moffat with a number of his attendants, to inform him of the

charge laid against him. Mr. Moffat listened very gravely till the king had finished, and then led the way to the store-house, to show the salt to the king. But when they came to look, lo! the salt was chalk, and Mothibi could not help laughing when he found that the man who pretended to know how to govern the clouds, did not know chalk from salt.

The missionaries had hoped that as they were themselves suffering much in consequence of the want of rain, and their cattle were dying as much as the Bechuanas', that the people would not be so silly as to think that they kept the rain away on purpose. But they were silly enough to believe even this, and at last they cursed Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat, and said they were the cause of all their sorrows. The sound of the chapel bell, they said, frightened the clouds away, and the missionaries bowed down in their houses and talked to something bad in the ground.

Last of all, the people began to suspect the rainmaker himself, and to doubt his power. The women were the first to blame him.

One day he came to Mr. Moffat's house, with a very long face, and sat down to have a talk. He asked how the women were in Mr. Moffat's country. Mr. Moffat, thinking he wanted to know how tall they were, pointed to his wife, and said some of the women were taller, and some shorter than she was.

"That is not what I mean," he replied. "I want to know what part they take in public affairs, and how they act when they do so."

Mr. Moffat answered, that when the women in his country had occasion to take an active part in public affairs, they carried all before them; and added, "Wait till we get the women on our side, as they now are on yours, and there will be no more rainmakers in the country."

"May that time never arrive!" exclaimed the rainmaker.

Mr. Moffat answered, that that time assuredly would come.

The rainmaker looked very much vexed, and asked, "What shall I do? I wish all the women were men. I can get on with the men; but the women I cannot manage."

Mr. Moffat told him the women certainly had sufficient cause to complain; for he had promised them rain, but had given them none. The best thing to do was to act like an honest man; say he had deceived them, and could not make rain.

"They will kill me!" answered the poor man.

This was very likely, and Mr. Moffat knew it, still he answered, "Be honest; and if there is danger, I will try to save you."

The rainmaker made no remark; he walked to his own hut, and for the next fortnight nobody saw him.

At the end of a fortnight, he one day appeared

in the large public fold, where the men used to meet for talking; and there he proclaimed that he had at last discovered the reason for the long drought. Every one listened eagerly to hear.

"Do you not see," said he, "when clouds come over us, Hamilton and Moffat look at them? Their white faces frighten the clouds away. You need not expect rain as long as they remain in the country."

Very quickly the missionaries were told how wrong it was in them to look at the clouds, and that they had better go quite away. They assured the people that they had had no idea of the harm they had done by looking up; but as they were as anxious for rain as any one could be, they would in future be very careful to look down.

So Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat walked about with their eyes on the ground, to avoid giving offence. Still no rain followed, but on all sides the men's brows looked heavy, and angry, and revengeful. They were disappointed, and their faith was gone.

By and by, the missionaries accidentally heard that some one was to be speared. Who could the somebody be? Was it themselves, or the rainmaker? They supposed it was the rainmaker, and wished to save his life; but the people were evidently all trying to keep the secret from them. How could they discover it?

Mr. Moffat thought of a plan. There was a

woman (a chief's wife) to whom he had often been kind when she was ill. This woman and he were rather friendly, and he determined to find out through her. He paid her a visit, and, after a few kind inquiries and a little talk, he said,—

"Why are they thinking of killing the rainmaker? They surely do not intend to eat him? Why not let the poor man go home?"

She answered quickly, "Who told you?"

Mr. Moffat rose to leave, saying, "That is all I wanted to know."

In a moment the woman saw it was she who had let out the secret. Mr. Moffat had only asked those questions for the sake of her answer.

She called after him: "Do not let them know I told you. They will kill me."

Of course Mr. Moffat did not wish her to be killed, so he said nothing about his visit to any one; but he went straight to the public fold, where, at that moment, thirty men were sitting in council. Mr. Moffat charged them with consulting to put the rainmaker to death. He told them he knew they had been talking about it, and were determined to commit the cruel deed. He told them how great a sin it would be. He asked them to spare his life; he begged them to send him to his own country instead.

An old man arose in a great rage, and, quivering his spear on his hand, as though just about to throw it, he spoke of the severe drought, the lean

herds, the dying people, and vowed he would send his spear into the deceiver's heart.

Mr. Moffat replied, that, as begging and entreating did no good, he would offer a ransom for the man's life.

The men were astonished. "Do you not know that this man is your enemy?" they said. "If he had had his way, you would have been dead now."

Mr. Moffat did know it well; but his Master had said, "Love your enemies."

The people had thought him only silly in telling them "fables" about Jesus; but this wish to save a man who had tried to do him harm—what could it mean? They had never heard so strange a wish.

However, the ransom was accepted; the rainmaker was saved through Mr. Moffat, and King Mothibi himself conducted him safely away from the town. His departure was very different from what he had hoped. There were no large rewards to carry back with him; no herds of cattle, as thank-offerings from a grateful people; no songs of praise, no blessings were heard as he went. He went empty-handed, poorer than when he came. The people cursed him in their hearts, and he had to thank the missionaries that he had escaped with his life.

When Mothibi returned to Lattakoo, having seen the rainmaker safely on his way, he entered Mr. Moffat's house, with a smile of great satisfaction beaming on his face, and evidently thinking

he had done something very good, for which he deserved to be praised. The missionaries also thought he deserved praise, and congratulated him very heartily on what he had done.

Although the rainmaker was not killed at Lattakoo, he was speared, by order of a chief called Makaba, not very long after. It was not because he could not make rain, but because Makaba's son wanted the rainmaker's wife to be his; and he and his father decided that the easiest way to get her would be to kill her husband.

There are one or two verses in God's Word, which it will be well for us to think of, when we read this story of the drought and the rainmaker.

"He watereth the hills from His chambers; He causeth grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man; that he may bring forth food out of the earth. He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water-springs into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein."

CHAPTER XII.

THE BECHUANAS WISH THEIR MISSIONARIES TO GO.

THE rainmaker was gone, but the missionaries' troubles were not yet over. They were blamed for everything that went wrong.

Some Bushmen were troublesome in stealing cattle; and because the missionaries did not like the Bushmen to be shot for doing so, the Bechuanas said Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton helped them to steal. Mr. Moffat told them how Jesus, his Great Master, commanded him to be kind to every one, but they only shouted in reply, "Maka hèla, maka hèla,"—"lies only, lies only."

You have heard in what a shocking manner the people behaved during divine service. A very great number had never been to a place of worship at all, for their chiefs threatened to punish them severely if they did.

There stood in the chapel an old-fashioned Dutch clock, on the top of which was a box containing two little wooden soldiers. Whenever the clock struck, these little soldiers marched out of their box.

Should you not have thought it a very pretty sight, and have liked to watch the wooden figures march out every hour? Very probably the Bechuanas would have admired the little men too if they had not believed them to be alive.

A bad white man had told some of the chiefs that the missionaries were sent by the same people who had conquered the colony, and very soon they would be conquered also and turned into soldiers like the two on the top of the clock. They fancied therefore that if they went into the chapel these little men would seize them by the throat and make them slaves. No wonder they kept away, if they believed such nonsense as this; but none of those who had ventured to the chapel had been seized and made slaves.

So frightened did the people become that Mr. Moffat was obliged to take down his two little soldiers, and even cut a piece off one of them in order to convince the people it was nothing but painted wood. But even when every one was quite convinced that the soldiers were not alive, and could do them no harm, they would not come to the chapel, nor would they believe that the missionaries only wished to do them good.

One day a chief, with about a dozen attendants, came and sat down under a large tree not far from Mr. Moffat's house. Mr. Moffat wondered what he was going to do there, but before long a messenger came to fetch him and Mr. Hamilton. The

chief had something to say to them. The missionaries went to hear what it was. The chief arose as they approached and stood while he spoke, with his spear in his hand in a very threatening attitude. He told them that all the chiefs were resolved that the white strangers should no longer dwell in their country; they were to go away at once.

Now if the mission-land had not been bought from the Bechuanas, and paid for honourably, perhaps the white strangers would have been compelled to leave; but the land, upon which their houses were, belonged no more to Mothibi, he had sold it to the Missionary Society, and Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton had a right to it. Besides, they had not yet given up the hope of seeing a brighter day dawn on themselves and the benighted Bechuanas, and did not wish, having put their hands to the plough, to turn back.

They answered: "We are resolved to stay. We pity you, for you know not what you do. We have suffered much from you, but it was because you knew no better. If you are determined to rid yourselves of us, you must resort to stronger measures, for our hearts are with you. You may kill us or burn our houses. You will not injure our wives and children, we are sure."

When the chief heard these words he shook his head, and, turning to his companions, said, "These men must have ten lives, when they are so fear-

less of death. There must be something in immortality!"

No wonder he was surprised. How could he understand such bravery as this? He was a warrior, but he could not deny himself thus. He was a chief, but he could not govern himself as these men did. His life was very dear to him, he knew nothing more precious than himself. Ah, to the missionaries, too, life was precious, but there was something they counted dearer than life. "For the work of Christ they were nigh unto death, not regarding their life."

CHAPTER XIII.

DANGER.—THE BECHUANAS FIND REASON TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS.

At last, the day dawned in which the inhabitants of Lattakoo learned the value of their missionaries. The events which led to this change were very alarming. But for Mr. Moffat, or rather the use the Great Ruler made of him, all the people would have been killed or scattered—their town would have been destroyed—their cattle taken away.

You want to hear more of this, and what the alarming events were.

For some time reports had reached Lattakoo of a vast army approaching from the north. It was said that a woman named Mantatee was at the head of this army, and it was marching on, on, towards Lattakoo; leaving everywhere behind it ruin and death.

Such reports seemed so unlikely to be true, that, although the people were alarmed, Mr. Moffat did not much heed them. He was preparing his wagon for a journey northward to visit Makaba, who had murdered the rainmaker. He was chief of the Bauangketsi, a large tribe living two hundred

miles from Lattakoo, and Mr. Moffat wished to know whether he would consent to receive teachers should any be sent.

Little as Mothibi cared for the missionaries, he was not at all pleased that Mr. Moffat should go to Makaba. There was probably much the same feeling in the king's mind as there is in yours sometimes when you are naughty. You will not play with your toys yourself, nor will you allow your brothers and sisters to have them. But perhaps he had a real reason besides.

At that time no white traders visited the Bauangketsi, and Mothibi preferred they should not. Why? you ask: it could have done Mothibi no harm. Those tribes to the north sent ivory and skins to Lattakoo, and other places at which the traders called, and there the merchandise was given in exchange for things brought by the traders. But the tribes who had sent the ivory and skins did not know how much had been given for them, and the sellers did not let them know; for the greater part of what they received they kept to themselves, sending only a very small portion as the price of the skins and ivory. This was of course very wrong; but Mothibi did not wish the gains he made in this way to be stopped. It is true Mr. Moffat was no trader, but if the way was once made known, traders would soon follow him.

Whatever his real motive was, Mothibi did all he could to prevent Mr. Moffat from taking this

journey. He told him that Makaba was a very wicked and cruel king, and would certainly kill him; so that, if he were determined to go, Mrs. Moffat and the two little children had better be sent away to England at once, for they would never see him again. He forbade any of his men to accompany the missionary, consequently Mr. Moffat had no one to take with him but his own servants. Still even this did not hinder him. He started, and, trusting that God would guard him and his little band, travelled on for several days.

At every kraal near which the toiling oxen dragged the lumbering wagon, Mr. Moffat heard the dreadful Mantatee army talked about. He reached a place called Nokaneng, and here he was told that the invaders had attacked and taken a town named Kunuana, only one hundred miles off.

Kunuana lay in Mr. Moffat's road. Should he go on? No one had seen the invaders; every one had heard of them from some one else. Perhaps, as is so often the case, the reports were a great deal worse than the reality. Spies had been sent out from Nokaneng, and even they had returned and seen nothing.

Mr. Moffat went on. He went on to within fifteen miles of Kunuana, and yet he could hear and see nothing to change the doubt into certainty. But here, on the heights around, there were strange men looking down at the wagon,

and they did not approach as the natives were in the habit of doing. This was rather suspicious. Were the men Mantatees?

At last, two Barolong natives passed, who cleared up the doubt. "Yes," they said, "the town in front was taken. There was a large savage army there. Those men on the heights were Mantatees, and belonged to the army. They would attack Mr. Moffat, if he stayed or advanced." These Barolongs themselves had really seen them, and had with difficulty escaped.

Mr. Moffat turned his oxen round at once, and went as fast as possible back to Nokaneng. He told the people there that the dreadful news of the army that was coming was quite true, and then hastened on to Lattakoo to carry the intelligence there, and see what could be done to save all the country from being desolated.

An assembly of the chief men was called, and Mr. Moffat gave them an account of what he had seen and heard. Mantatee was not the name of a woman, but of the tribe to which this army belonged. They had destroyed many towns, slaughtered immense numbers of people, scattered the Barolongs, aud were said to be cannibals. When Mr. Moffat had finished, all the faces around were covered with gloom, and for some minutes not a sound was heard.

At last Mothibi arose, and thanked Mr. Moffat for having taken this journey in spite of all that

had been done to prevent him; for by going he had brought them information of their danger in time for them to prepare to meet it. He asked the missionaries to tell them what to do. Mr. Moffat advised them either to flee to the colony where the English soldiers would protect them; or else to send for soldiers from Griqua Town, and ask the Griquas, who were stronger and more civilized, to come and help them. Some wanted to flee to the Bakalari desert; but Mr. Moffat persuaded them not to do so; for there they would most likely perish from hunger and thirst.

It was decided to send to Griqua Town: and now everything was bustle and preparation. Mr. Moffat started with his wagon, and made all the haste he could to the Griquas. Waterboer, the Griqua chief, as soon as he heard the news, went off on horseback to Campbell for more help. He promised to lose no time in coming to Lattakoo with a party of soldiers, there to join the Bechuanas in going out to fight against the Mantatees.

Mr. Moffat returned to Lattakoo in company with Mr. Thompson, a gentleman whom he had met, and who wished to go and see the fight, and give what assistance he could.

Mothibi sent out orders to all the villages round for the chiefs to come to a parliament, or *pitsho*, next day. About one thousand men assembled at this parliament. Do you know anything of the grave speakers and speeches of our parliament?

Have you ever been into the Houses, and seen all the preparations made there for order? Very likely not. But you shall hear a little of a Bechuana parliament, and you will at least know what an English one is not.

The thousand men assembled from many places near. They came to Lattakoo, some singing war-songs, some pretending already to be fighting, throwing their arms and legs about in all the strangest attitudes imaginable. The place of meeting was the public fold, round which the men seated themselves in a circle, leaving the centre space free for the speakers. Each man held before him his shield, with a number of spears fastened to it. A quiver of poisoned arrows hung from every man's shoulder, and in every right hand was a battle-axe. Many of the chiefs were adorned with tiger skins and tails, and had plumes of feathers waving on their heads.

Parliament was opened by King Mothibi. He bounded into the space that had been left for the speakers, his spear in his hand, a lady's white chemise his only dress; and there, before beginning his speech, he capered and jumped about, making the strangest antics he could. Then he began—

"Be silent, ye Batlapis." The people of the Batlapis tribe answered, as was proper, with a groan. "Be silent, ye Barolongs." The Barolongs groaned. "Be silent, ye Makooas." The Makooas

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groaned. And so every tribe represented in the meeting was told to be silent, and groaned in reply.

Then Mothibi took a spear, and pointed it northward towards the distant Mantatees. He cursed them, and continually thrust his spear as though thrusting it into the enemy. This was a declaration of war. Then he pointed his spear towards the Bushman country, and cursed the ox-eaters, as the Bushmen are called.

"Ye sons of Molehabangue," he said, "the Mantatees are a strong and victorious people: they have overwhelmed many nations, and they are now approaching us. We have heard what they mean to do, and what their manners and weapons are. We cannot stand against them separately, we must stand together, for the case is a great one. You have seen how much the missionary has done for our safety; if we exert ourselves the Mantatees can come no further. You see the white people are our friends. Mr. Thompson, a chief man of the Cape, has come to us on horseback. He has not come behind our houses like a spy; but openly. He is one on whom the light of day may shine; he is our friend. Let every one speak his mind, and then I shall speak again."

Once more Mothibi cursed the Bushmen, and Mantatees, using his spear as at the beginning of his speech; then he pointed it towards heaven,

while all the people shouted "pula" (rain), and amid loud applause he sat down upon the ground.

After every speech a part of a war song was sung, and after the song another speaker jumped up and danced about.

The second speaker, named Moshume, said, "To-day we are called upon to oppose an enemy, who is the enemy of us all. Moffat has been near the camp of the enemy. We were all averse to his going; to-day we are all glad that he went. What are we now to do? If we flee, the Mantatees will overtake us; if we fight, they will conquer. They are as strong as lions; they kill, and eat, and leave nothing."

It appears that Moshume did not speak loudly enough to be heard by all the thousand, for an old man interrupted his speech, and asked him to "roar aloud," that he might hear. Perhaps the old man was a little deaf. What Moshume said next may have been true; it was not very polite.

"I know ye, Batlapis," he said, "that at home ye are men; but women in the face of an enemy. You run away when you should stand. Think, think; prepare this day; be united; make your hearts hard."

Another chief said, "We must not act like Bechuanas; we must act like white people. Is this our pitsho? No, it is the pitsho of the missionaries; therefore we must speak and act like white people."

When all those who wished to address the circle of listeners had done so, Mothibi once more arose as before.

"It is evident," said he, "that the best plan will be to go against the enemy; we must not allow them to come nearer; they must not take our towns, and fill our houses with death and bloodshed. It is good that we should be instructed by the white people. I wish evil to those who will not obey. There are many of you warriors who do not deserve to eat out of a bowl, but only out of a broken pot. Think on what has been said, and obey without murmuring. Prepare for the battle. Let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes as sharp as hunger."

When Mothibi's speech was ended, all the people shouted, jumped up from the ground, and joined in dancing about with him. For two hours they all continued jumping about with their spears in their hands, making the most extraordinary gestures they could, and then—the parliament was over.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MANTATEES.

Eleven days passed before the promised help arrived from Griqua Town.

They were busy days at Lattakoo; the Bechuanas were preparing their weapons; sharpening their axes, poisoning their arrows; restringing their bows. The missionaries packed and buried all their heavy goods, that they might have as little as possible to hinder them, should they be forced to flee for their lives. Many, many prayers were offered up too, by those good men and their wives, that they might be saved from their enemies, by the God who is a fortress and deliverer to his people.

Some commanders and a hundred horsemen arrived from Griqua Town. They provided Mr. Moffat with a horse, and asked him to go with them to meet the Mantatees, in order that he might if possible speak to the leaders of the army, and induce them to go back to their own country without more bloodshed.

Before starting from Lattakoo, the missionaries and those among the Griquas who were Christians,

met to ask God their Father to be their shield and protector, to prevent a battle if he saw fit: but, if they must fight, to fight with them and for them.

All the time that these preparations were going on the Mantatee army had been advancing. They had not hurried at all, but felt quite secure of conquering the Bechuanas; they knew nothing of Mr. Moffat's having given the alarm; nothing of the hundred mounted and armed soldiers from Griqua Town. They had already reached Old Lattakoo when the Bechuanas and Griquas came against them. Half of them were in the town, and the other half on this side of it.

Even the half outside the town was a great host. Their dark bodies so blackened the ground, that Mr. Moffat, when in the distance he saw them, did not know they were men; but fancied there had been a large fire among the bushes and grass, which had left all the ground charred and black, with little wreaths of smoke rising up from among the ashes. But on nearer approach it was discovered that the smoke was arising from the Mantatees' fires, and the ashes were in reality the black, naked bodies of the savages.

Waterboer, the Griqua chief, and Mr. Moffat were riding with a few attendants at some distance before the soldiers. They saw a young woman gathering and eating fruit among some bushes, and went towards her. She was hungry, therefore

they gave her food, and to please her, and make her feel they were friends, some tobacco was added to the present of food. When she had eaten enough, Mr. Moffat asked her to go to the Mantatee army, and say to some of the principal men that the horsemen coming towards them wished to speak with them.

While the woman was gone on this errand, Mr. Moffat despatched another messenger back to the Griqua army to hasten them forwards, and waited himself with Waterboer in sight of the Mantatee army, that they might see that the horsemen who wished to speak with them were not afraid of them.

Presently a few naked warriors came out from the vast host, and, in a threatening manner, cast their spears at the little waiting company. They were not near enough to do any injury, it was only a threat, and Mr. Moffat, taking no notice of the spears, ventured to approach closer to the savages. He was very anxious, if possible, to make peace with them, and so prevent the battle, and slaughter, and misery, which could be avoided in no other way.

His hopes were vain. No sooner did the savage warriors see that the horsemen were really within reach, than they raised a hideous yell, and several hundreds rushed furiously forward, casting their javelins and clubs as they came. The horses were startled by the noise and sight, so that Mr. Moffat

and Waterboer, with difficulty managed to turn them and gallop out of reach. The Mantatees did not follow, but returned to their camp.

Once more Mr. Moffat tried to get near enough to speak, but with the same result.

And now the battle, which could not be avoided, commenced ; the Griqua soldiers came up, and fired upon the Mantatees. The savages did not understand the use of guns, but though they appeared astonished to see their companions fall dead by means of this distant fire, they only yelled angrily, and snatched the weapons from the hands of the dying men, to supply the places of those they had thrown.

The timid Bechuanas attacked the Mantatees with their poisoned arrows, but were very soon vanquished. Indeed, they must have been poor cowards, for a few Mantatee warriors made all the Bechuanas run away. They certainly would have been all destroyed had they ventured against these savages, without the assistance of the Griqua soldiers.

What a scene that battle-field must have been! There were oxen bellowing, warriors shouting, dying men groaning with agony, women shrieking in alarm, children crying with terror. The Mantatees were at last put to flight, and the Griqua horsemen pursued them. The oxen, the wounded, the dying, and many of the women and children remained about the camp, and as soon as the war-

riors were gone, the cruel, cowardly Bechuanas returned. They returned to take what was left behind in the flight, to kill the wounded men, and murder the women and helpless children.

Seeing what was going on, Mr. Moffat galloped up to the camp, and tried to stop the plunderers in their wicked work. At the risk of his own life he rescued a great many women and children, but many a wounded man raised himself from the ground as Mr. Moffat passed, to throw a spear or club at him. God preserved him; but one of the Bechuanas was killed.

It was very difficult to know what to do with the women and children, that had been thus saved from death, for they were all very hungry, and had had nothing to eat for a long time. They were taken to Lattakoo, and as far as possible supplied with food.

The Griquas pursued the flying Mantatees for some distance, and then returned home, thinking the savages would now be too much scattered, and too much frightened to venture further.

Numbers of women and children were still wandering about and perishing from want. In order to rescue as many as possible, Mr. Hamilton and the missionary from Griqua went out to find them, with a wagon, in which they could be brought safely to the station.

Two days after the missionaries started on their kind errand, Mr. Moffat heard, by report, that the

Mantatees had returned, and were going to attack Lattakoo; for now that the Griquas and their thunder and lightning were gone, they knew the Bechuanas could not resist them.

Mr. Moffat immediately sent two men after Mr. Hamilton to recall him; and despatched a messenger with a letter to Waterboer, asking him to send the Griqua soldiers again.

In the course of the day, some men arrived at the town, announcing that the Mantatees were certainly coming. The people were extremely alarmed. Night came on; no moon lit up the landscape, to show them their enemies' approach. It was supposed that the town would be surrounded during the darkness, and the dawning light would be the signal for a yell, a rush, and a massacre. Do you wonder no one lay down to sleep, but that the people sat cowering over their fires? Many men spent the night with their ears pressed against the ground, listening for the sound of the stealthy soft foot-falls. They heard the roar of the wild beasts; they heard the lowing of their cattle, when startled in the fold; they heard the bark and howl of their dogs, roused and made uneasy by the unusual wakefulness; they heard the cry of the children, who awoke from their peaceful sleep; they heard their own beating hearts, but no sound of the Mantatees. Strained ears and strained eyes were alike left without certainty. Every one seemed afraid to move.

Once a foot-fall was heard approaching. It was followed by a loud wail of sorrow. Some wanderer had found his way into the town, and brought the news to a poor family that their father had been killed by the Mantatees.

Mrs. Moffat clothed her sleeping children, and sat by their bedside praying. Mr. Moffat prepared his gun, and hung his cloak close by the door, ready to put on should an opportunity for escape come. Sometimes he and his wife were startled by a loud knock at the door; it was only men who had groped their way to the house through the darkness, and came to tell the missionary of new sounds or reports which had alarmed them.

The only creatures who did not appear frightened through that dismal night, were the Mantatee women that had been rescued by Mr. Moffat, and were lying about in his kitchen and outhouses.

The missionaries and their wives prayed much. They knew there was an Eye that never slumbers, and to whom darkness and light are both alike, watching and protecting them. This filled their hearts with peace, notwithstanding all their fears. The poor Bechuanas had no such comfort; they did not yet believe in the good and powerful God.

Morning dawned, and every one saw that the Mantatees were not as yet round the town. What a relief! How thankful the missionaries were!

Mr. Moffat could not bear that his wife and little children should be exposed to the threatening danger any longer, so he sent them to Griqua Town in a wagon. Mr. Hamilton returned to the station safely, bringing with him about thirty more women and children. He had not seen the Mantatee army, only great numbers of women, many of whom were already starved to death.

A messenger arrived from Waterboer, who said that he could afford the Bechuanas no help, for he had heard that a party of Mantatees were on their way to attack Griqua Town; and, consequently, all his men would be needed at home. But he advised the missionaries to come at once to Griqua Town, where, at least, they would be better defended than at Lattakoo.

Their wives and children were already gone, and Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton made up their minds to follow them. It was but little use to remain where they were: the Bechuanas had many of them run away, and those who remained were too weak to resist, and too frightened to be taught. Lest the Mantatee women should be murdered by the Bechuanas, they also were taken to Griqua Town.

You will be glad to hear that, after all, neither Lattakoo nor Griqua Town was attacked by the Mantatees; and, gradually, the alarming reports and the fear of this savage tribe died away. The

Bechuanas ventured back to their huts at Lattakoo; the missionaries returned to their old home, and, as one result of all this trouble, found themselves treated with much more kindness and respect than formerly.

CHAPTER XV.

A BECHUANA PRINCE VISITS THE CAPE.

LITTLE people like you have, on the whole, not much to trouble you, and nothing beyond the fear of saying a lesson badly, or losing a prize, to make you anxious. You do not know what it is to be made weak and ill by long watching and anxiety. When Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were once more settled at Lattakoo, they found that neither of them were so strong to work as they had been before these troubles. Mrs. Moffat, indeed, was very ill; and it seemed as though nothing but rest and change would make her well again.

Mr. Moffat wished to visit the Cape, and such a visit would be the very thing to make his dear wife better. He resolved to go, and take her and the children, leaving the station in charge of Mr. Hamilton.

When Mothibi heard that Mr. Moffat intended taking this journey, he made no opposition, but thought it would be a very good opportunity for his son to see the country of the white people. He therefore asked the missionary to allow the young

prince to accompany him. Permission was granted, and the young Bechuana prince, with a chief appointed to be his guardian, left Lattakoo with Mr. Moffat. This was a great and exciting event. The Bechuanas had never seen an English town; and the sea and ships they had never heard of, unless it was from the missionaries.

You must imagine the long, slow, two months' journey to the Cape, with the wagons, oxen, prince, chief, and children. When, at last, Cape Town was reached, the visitors met with a very kind reception from the Governor. The prince and his companion were astonished and delighted beyond measure at everything they saw. The houses and streets—the gardens and docks—the great, restless, moving sea—the wonderful ships, with their white sails, in the Bay—all was so new and strange.

It was with great difficulty they could be persuaded to get into a boat, to be rowed to a ship lying in the harbour; and it was not until they saw Mr. Moffat step in first, that they would venture. When hoisted on deck, they were perfectly amazed with the size of the ship and the height of the mast. A sailor-boy ran up the rigging to the mast-head, very actively, as sailor-boys know how. The chief was astonished, for at Lattakoo—without trees, or ladders, or even hills very near—no one had learned to climb; and he whispered to the prince, as he saw the boy run, "Is it not an ape?"

They were taken into the cabin, and looked down into the hold, which appeared to them so deep, that they fancied its bottom must rest upon the bottom of the sea. They could not even comprehend that the ship was not some peculiar kind of living animal; for they asked, "Do these water-houses unyoke, like wagon-oxen, every night? Do they graze in the sea, to keep them alive?"

A ship in full sail appeared in sight, rapidly approaching the harbour. It was a fine sight. Some one said, "What do you think of that?" They answered, "We have no thoughts here; we hope to think again when we get on shore."

There was certainly plenty to think about, and it was a good thing for the young Bechuana prince and his companion that they had some time to think before they reached Lattakoo again. The two months' journey back gave them ample opportunity of meditating upon all they had seen—plenty of time for asking questions, getting explanations, and arranging their ideas—so that they could tell what they thought and what they had learned as the result of their journey to the Cape. One thing they learned and thought was of use to the missionaries. They had learned, and, on their return, taught their countrymen, that Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton were not living among them because they had no friends elsewhere. They thought—and this, too, they said—that the mis-

sionaries must be very much in earnest to do them good, if they could leave such comforts and such friends as they had at Cape Town, for the sake of teaching them the white man's religion.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. MOFFAT VISITS KING MAKABA.

Not long after the journey to the Cape, of which you heard in the last chapter, the missionary-station was moved to a pleasanter spot, close to the banks of the Kuruman River, and was henceforward called the Kuruman Station. Of course, this move could not be made directly, or as easily as your parents might leave one house to live in another. The new houses had to be built first; and this involved much time and labour.

Another missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, had returned with Mr. Moffat to Lattakoo, and also some Hottentots. These additions to the party were of great assistance in erecting the new dwellings.

You have not forgotten that Mr. Moffat was on the way to visit Makaba, when he turned back to carry the news of the Mantatees' approach to the Bechuanas. He had promised to visit Makaba; and, as a Christian should always keep his promises, Mr. Moffat, now that peace was restored, determined, if possible, to fulfil his.

A party of Griquas were going to hunt elephants,

and Mr. Moffat joined them, as they intended to pass through Makaba's land. There were, in all, eleven wagons, one hundred and fifty oxen, a hundred men, and a good many horses: quite a caravan. There were no beaten roads, over which to travel; so guides went with them, to show the way.

Once the travellers foolishly imagined themselves wiser than their guides. When night came on, it was the custom for all the wagons to stop, and for the oxen to be unyoked. But one day it happened that no stream or pool had been found, and darkness overtook the caravan before the sight of water had gladdened the weary men and beasts. The guides, as usual, stopped; but the travellers thought it would be wiser to go on. The day had been very hot; the night would be cooler, and not so fatiguing to the oxen; besides, the water would be reached sooner if they did not stop for the night. The guides acknowledged this; but, said they, "You cannot see your way through the darkness; you will not be able to keep straight on." Straight on. Oh yes, it was easy enough to go straight on. And on they went, leaving the guides to follow when they chose.

The drivers of the first team of oxen must, of course, lead the way. Most of the other men lay down in their wagons, and fell asleep, leaving their oxen to plod on after the first wagon. In this way they proceeded for some time. It was a

beautiful, starlight night, for there was no moon shining to dim their brightness. All the light was overhead: the earth was very dark. By and by, Mr. Moffat, who was riding near the wagons on horseback, raised his eyes, and began to think about the stars. But how was this? The stars that were in front of them when they left the guides were now quite to the side. Evidently they were not going straight on, but were gradually turning round. It would not do to go on so any further; they must stop. Mr. Moffat rode on to the drivers of the first wagon, and, pointing to the stars, tried to show them that their oxen were going in the wrong direction. The men were sure they were going right, and would not stop.

At two o'clock, the whole party halted; the oxen were unyoked, fires were lighted, and the men sat around to eat their suppers, or lay down to sleep. By this time they had literally been going back for two hours. Mr. Moffat put some coffee into a pot, and, while it was boiling on the fire, he took out his compass. He endeavoured to explain it to his companions, and to show them by the fire-light the little needle which pointed so plainly, north and south. If the compass was right, no doubt, they were wrong. But it is hard work to convince some people that they are wrong. The men only shook their heads at Mr. Moffat and his compass. "The little thing," they said, "may know its way at home in its own country, but

how can it find the way here? It is an impostor, and does not tell the truth." Mr. Moffat put his compass away, and, taking his coffee-pot from the fire, began to eat his supper. Before he had finished, the moon began to rise, but it was on the side on which no one but he expected to see it.

"What a fire!" said one.

"It is the moon," said Mr. Moffat.

All started to their feet. "The moon cannot rise on that side of the world," they exclaimed.

One old man very respectfully said, "Sir, your head is turned: the moon never rose in the west in my life."

"It is the moon," repeated Mr. Moffat. But no one believed him, and they again went on with their suppers. Presently the moon appeared above the horizon. Once more they all rose. "What is it?" exclaimed some. But the old man who had told Mr. Moffat his head was turned knew what it was, and said, "The moon has, for once, risen on the wrong side of the world." How childish in an old man, to believe it more possible for the moon to rise on the wrong side of the world than for him to make a mistake!

In a few hours the sun also rose, and, by the light he threw around, showed plainly that the men were wrong and the moon was right.

This night-travelling proved a great hindrance, for the oxen, when unyoked, had continued onwards, until they had reached the water they had

left the morning before; and the day had to be spent in going after and bringing them back.

The guides, who had not thought themselves able to see in the dark, laughed heartily when they found the conceited travellers had been going backwards, instead of forwards. Surely you agree in thinking they deserved no pity.

Among the Griquas in this party were some really good Christian men. On Sundays they were glad to rest, and enjoyed singing hymns, praying, and reading God's word with Mr. Moffat.

The caravan rested on the way at Pitsan, the principal town of the Barolongs. It was night when the slowly moving wagons approached Pitsan; but the first salutation the travellers received was "Good morning." The chief and his people had learned the words "good morning" from some English traveller, and every one was proud to say "Good morning; Good morning," to their visitors.

There were in this town about 20,000 people; but among them all there was not one who believed in God, or had learned the way to heaven through Jesus the Saviour. No missionary was living among them at this time; and as Mr. Moffat saw the multitudes of ignorant people around him, he prayed in his heart that some one might be found willing to come and teach them. He told the principal men how much he wished they had a missionary, and asked whether they would like to

have one. One man answered, "Yes; you must come and make rain." Another said, "Yes; you must come and protect us."

They had heard of the station near the Kuruman River, and Mr. Moffat assured them the missionaries were not there either to make rain or to protect the people, but to teach, those who would learn, good things which might make them happy for ever.

The Barolongs are skilful in making wooden bowls and ornaments, and they brought many of these articles to exchange with their visitors for tobacco and beads.

For a week after they left Pitsan the slow march was continued, and on the following Saturday afternoon the oxen were unyoked just outside the dominions of Makaba. An encampment was formed, and it was hoped that they might spend a quiet Sunday before presenting themselves to the king. But on the Sunday morning it was discovered that a great many of the oxen had strayed. It was necessary that they should be found at once, so some of the men spent their Sunday morning in looking for the animals. At twelve o'clock they returned to the camp with the alarming intelligence that the cattle had been seized by Makaba's men, and one ox was already killed. The information brought by the seekers made the whole party very anxious. Would Makaba restore the oxen? Would he seize the remainder? What

would happen? In the evening, however, their anxiety was allayed. Two men appeared, driving before them six of the missing oxen, and carrying part of the one which had been slaughtered. They appeared very sorry, and assured Mr. Moffat that the others should be restored as soon as possible; the cattle had been separated and sent to different places before it was known to whom they belonged, so that it would take time to collect them. The reason why the men had brought these six back so quickly was because they believed Makaba would kill them, if he knew they had stolen and killed oxen belonging to the white man who was coming to visit him. Mr. Moffat assured them that if their lives were in danger he would intercede with Makaba for them.

There were enough oxen remaining to draw the wagons to Makaba's city. On Monday morning they were yoked eight to each wagon, and the travellers started once more, still feeling some fear as to the reception they would meet. On the way, Maroga, one of Makaba's sons, appeared marching at the head of a number of men, to receive and welcome them. He presented Mr. Moffat with a bowl full of milk, and then made a speech. "I am terrified at your presence," he said, "because of the injury we have done you. Your oxen shall be restored; not one shall be lost. I have ordered the men to be sent to the town. They shall be torn to pieces before your eyes. Makaba will not

pardon them; for he has long expected you as his friends."

Mr. Moffat did not tell Maroga that they had felt afraid of Makaba, but only said they must hurry on, lest the king should tear the poor men in pieces before he arrived to ask that their lives might be spared.

Maroga and his wife rode back in Mr. Moffat's wagon, and were very much entertained at their new position, for they never before had ridden in or on anything. Maroga's wife knew Mr. Moffat, for she had been the wife of the rainmaker who had stayed so long at Lattakoo, and who had afterwards been killed by the order of Makaba.

As the wagons approached the town, they passed by numbers of women working in their gardens. The women, who never in their lives had seen such a sight, threw down their tools, and ran to gaze on the moving houses, making all the while shrill cries, and loud exclamations of astonishment.

Mr. Moffat and some of his companions mounted their horses, and set off at a quicker pace than the wagons could move. From the top of the hill, overlooking Makaba's town, they were surprised to see a wide plain before them, sprinkled over with strange looking villages. It was to Kuakue, the largest of these villages, they were going.

A guide showed them the way, and conducted them up a narrow, winding street to the king's houses. He was standing at the door of one of

them, ready to receive and welcome his visitors. It pleased him much to see they had ventured to come without guns or swords; and he laughed heartily as he told them, he was surprised they could trust themselves, at all, in the town of such a villain as people declared him to be.

What Makaba said was hardly heard for the noise around. A large crowd had assembled to stare and wonder at the horses and their riders. Such creatures had never been seen in those parts before; and now the people were pushing, and shouting, and jumping, until they actually pushed each other down in their eagerness to get nearer. Makaba went into his house, and sent out some servants with a pot of his own peculiar beer, and some drinking vessels. These drinking vessels were not skulls, though Mr. Moffat had heard that king Makaba always used skulls for cups.

By this time the wagons had reached the outskirts of the town, and there the drivers stopped the oxen. But Makaba wished them to come through the principal street of his town, for no wagons had ever been there before. No; and the streets had evidently not been made for carriages of any kind; they were, even the chief one, so narrow and winding, that these cumbrous wagons could not be drawn through without doing very great damage. Mr. Moffat pointed this out to Makaba, and reminded him how the fences of the houses would be broken.

"Never mind that," said Makaba, "only let me see the wagons go through my town."

Kings must be obeyed. The heavy wagons in long procession forced a way for themselves up the street, crushing the fences and unfortunate huts that stood in their path most unmercifully. Makaba stood on a mound near his houses, and watched their approach with great delight. He was as much undisturbed by the mischief done as the oxen and wagons themselves: it was the women to whom the work of repairing fell, who looked with troubled thoughts behind the procession.

At the other end of the town the oxen were unyoked, while thousands of people crowded round to see what was to be seen. Their feelings of astonishment and admiration were so intense, that they made a deafening noise by way of expressing them; and their curiosity was so great that not until night-fall did they begin to disperse, and then they went away, because they could no longer see.

The next morning, Maroga, with three chief men, came to the wagon. They came as a guard to the visitors and their property, and were commanded to stop all day, and see that nothing was stolen or injured by the crowds, who gathered again as soon as daylight dawned.

About sunset Makaba sent one of his wives with a message to Mr. Moffat, saying, "To-day he had sent a sack of milk, to-morrow he would send

slaughtered oxen." The sack of milk was so large that it was hard work for two men to carry it behind the lady. A sack of milk will appear to you almost an impossible thing. The sack was made of skin, the milk was pressed, and curdled, and sour, and hard, nevertheless it was most thankfully received; and many a traveller from England has learned to enjoy the sour, prepared milk of the African villages.

The next day, Makaba presented himself at the encampment of wagons. When he was seen approaching, the people, who were bustling about with their curiosity still unsatisfied, respectfully moved away. Every one remained silent until the king spoke.

"My friends," he said, "I am perfectly happy; my heart is whiter than milk, because you have visited me. To-day I am a great man. Men will say I am in league with the white men."

Mr. Moffat, in answering this polite speech, reminded Makaba again why he had come all the way from Kuruman; he wished the king, he said, to be counted as one of the chief friends of the white men, and for that purpose, if he would permit, a missionary should be sent to dwell with him and his people.

"I hope," replied the king, "that from this time forward so many people will come and go, that no grass may grow on the road between Kuruman and Kuakue. Mothibi, I know, will hinder you if he

can, he is afraid of losing you, he does not wish you to build your house with me."

Makaba also told Mr. Moffat that the strayed oxen should be brought back that day; and as his visitors were anxious that the men who had killed their ox should not be put to death, he would pass over the offence and pardon the culprits.

Mr. Moffat presented Makaba with some beads and buttons, and also with a hat. He put the hat upon his head, as he was told to do; but this did not satisfy him. He could not see it there over his eyes, so he speedily took it off again, and placed it upon the head of one of his attendants where he could enjoy the sight of his new treasure.

Kuakue, Makaba's town, was in many respects very different to Mothibi's town, Lattakoo. It was clean. The women kept their yards and house-floors nice. The town was also larger; and Makaba's many wives had each three or four houses, besides a corn-house and a store-house. These houses, you must remember, are not like English houses, but round, one-roomed huts.

Makaba usually spent his mornings talking to his chief men, cutting out skins to make cloaks, and drinking. The drinking was unfortunately what he liked best, and by the afternoon he was not often sober enough to attend to anything. This was very sad, for in what state could people be whose king set them so bad an example!

Mr. Moffat took every opportunity while he re-

mained of speaking to Makaba of the Great and Holy God, and telling him the history of our Saviour's life and death on earth, but he never paid the least attention.

A whisper to you by the way. You think yourself better than this heathen king,—do you always attend when you hear such things?

On the Sabbath Mr. Moffat made a formal visit to the royal huts, praying as he went for better success. He found the king sitting in the midst of his admiring attendants, busy with his knife and a jackal's skin. Mr. Moffat sat down and said he had some news to tell. Makaba looked pleased, he was fond of hearing news, and thought he would hear some stories of wars and brave actions in battle; of towns burned and prisoners taken. But when Mr. Moffat began to speak of a king who had been born among the cattle; who had been all his life poor and despised; who had spent that life in doing kind actions and speaking holy words; he would not listen, but took up his knife again and began to hum a tune.

One of the men sitting by, however, seemed interested; and when he heard how Jesus raised the dead, he exclaimed, "What an excellent doctor he must have been to make dead men live."

Mr. Moffat went on to say that a day was coming when all that were in their graves would hear the voice of Jesus and come forth. Makaba happened to hear this.

"What!" he exclaimed with astonishment, "the dead, the dead arise!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Moffat, "all the dead shall rise."

"Will my father rise?"

"Yes, your father will rise."

"Will all the slain in battle rise?"

"Yes."

"And will all that have been killed and eaten by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles rise?

"Yes."

He looked at Mr. Moffat, and then turning to the people said, in a very loud voice,

"Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?"

Then the king laid his hand on Mr. Moffat's breast, and spoke to him.

"Father, I love you much," he said. "The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of the resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising. The dead cannot rise. The dead must not rise."

"Why?" asked Mr. Moffat. "Can so great a man as you refuse knowledge? Why must I not speak of the resurrection?"

Makaba rose from the floor, and, uncovering his strong right arm, replied: "I have slain my thousands, and shall they rise?"

He was afraid to meet the men he had killed

Think,—there were thousands to accuse him as their murderer at the last day.

Makaba appeared to be very fond of Mr. Moffat, and called him "the stranger's friend." This surprised the missionary, and one day he asked the king for what reason he called him by such a name. Makaba told him a story, part of which he knew before, and which explained the king's love for his visitor.

One of Makaba's sons had been a very wicked young man. He wished some years before this time to make himself king, and did all in his power to gain the favour of his father's subjects in hopes that they would ask him to reign over them. This did not succeed; but so resolved was the prince to be king that he tried to kill his father. He dug a hole in a path over which his father often walked; in this pit he had sharp stakes fastened, and then the top covered in so lightly that any one walking upon it would fall through upon the stakes. Here he hoped his father would fall in and be killed. But the hole was discovered, and, to escape justly-deserved punishment, the young prince ran away with a number of followers.

He went as far as Lattakoo and told Mothibi long stories of his father's wickedness and unkindness, hoping to get help from him. These tales he repeated to Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton. They replied that it was impossible to believe what he

said; and in rebelling against his father he was committing a great sin which would surely be punished.

Now among the prince's followers were some men who were really Makaba's friends, but who had gone with his son, and pretended to be his son's friends, on purpose that they might let the king know all he did. These men told Makaba what the missionaries had said.

This wicked prince was punished. Mothibi would not assist him to fight against his father. Still he succeeded in raising an army; and a battle took place between Makaba's army and his son's.

Makaba still loved his undutiful son so much, that he gave particular directions to the warriors not to kill him. The young man however was slain in the battle, much to his father's grief.

It was on account of the good advice given to the prince by the missionaries, that Mr. Moffat was now so much respected by the king.

Does not this story remind you of one in your Bible of another king, very different to Makaba, who had a rebellious son not unlike the one of whom you have been reading?

The time at length arrived for leaving Kuakue. The Griquas prepared for a grand hunting expedition, and Mr. Moffat was going to return to Kuruman almost alone. No one knew that there was any particular danger in his path, but God saw that if Mr. Moffat went alone he would be

murdered. See how God cares for those who love and fear him. He put it into the heart of one of the Griqua chiefs to return home at once with the ivory he had already procured. To Mr. Moffat's surprise, this chief, Berend Berend, returned to him with his eight wagons and all his party, after one day's absence. Berend could not tell why he had so suddenly changed his plan, he only knew that the thought had come into his heart to return with Mr. Moffat.

Their way led them again to the Barolong town, Pitsan, at which place they had before stopped. All unconscious of danger they proceeded on their way, and reached the town in safety. But here a large party of Mantatees attacked them and the town. The inhabitants fled, for they dared not fight. And now if Mr. Moffat had been alone, what would have happened? He could not have overcome those savage warriors; but with the help of Berend Berend and his brave men they were defeated and driven away.

Mr. Moffat was safe; but his poor wife far away at Lattakoo had been dreadfully alarmed for herself and him. She had almost given up all hope of seeing her dear husband any more, just at the time that God had so mercifully provided for him. She was expecting Mr. Moffat soon to return, when she heard that once more the Mantatees intended to attack Lattakoo, and that they would be there almost immediately.

It was evening. Mrs. Moffat, having put her children to bed, knelt down to ask God to take care of them, her husband, and herself; and then she too lay down with her little ones and fell asleep. At midnight, she was awakened by a loud knocking at the house door. In great alarm she jumped up to see what was the matter. King Mothibi was outside, and as soon as the door was opened he entered with so many men that the room was full.

"The Mantatees are almost here," said the king.

Mrs. Moffat lighted a lamp, took out her paper and pens and sat down, without waiting to dress, to write a note to Mr. Hamilton, who was away superintending the building at the new station. She asked him to come over to Lattakoo immediately. A messenger was sent with the letter, and quite early in the morning Mr. Hamilton arrived. But what could he do? All the people were preparing to run away; they continually heard fresh tidings which alarmed them.

At twelve o'clock news came that the Mantatees had turned away, and were going towards the Barolongs. Oh! happy relief. Every heart in the town rejoiced. No, all but one. Until now Mrs. Moffat had been anxious for herself and the children, now her heart sank at the thought of her husband. She knew the plan had been for him to return alone, and that if all things had prospered he would just at this time be at Pitsan,

among the Barolongs. The Mantatees would surely kill him.

You know Mr. Moffat was just where his wife supposed him to be, and that while she was praying to God for his life and safe return, God had heard her prayers and was guiding him home. Far away at Lattakoo, however, she did not know this, and the next three weeks was a time of great grief and uncertainty. People often came to her house to say that her husband was killed. Various were the reports they brought. One man had seen a piece of his broken wagon—some had picked up pieces of his clothes all stained with his blood—another had found a part of his horse's saddle. They did not bring the clothes, or the saddle, or the wood to Mrs. Moffat, but do you wonder she was almost in despair?

At last the wagon, the horse, the saddle, and Mr. Moffat himself appeared in the town. What a happy meeting there was in that mission-house! Husband, and wife, and children, had all been in danger; but they were together once more, safe and alive. Though they had been far apart their Great Father had watched over them! How they thanked Him in their prayers, and asked him never to let them forget this instance of His power and love!

Does it not appear strange to you that, twice over, the Mantatees should have turned away from Lattakoo, when it seemed almost certain that they

would attack the town? Although the savages did not know it, they too were under God's control. He had some of His servants dwelling in the town, and God has said in His Word, "The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord; he is their strength in the time of trouble. And the Lord will help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him" (Psalm xxxvii. 39, 40.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THIEVES, TROUBLES, AND LOCUSTS.

It really seemed that the missionaries were never to enjoy peace and quiet among the Bechuanas. The Mantatees were gone, and they hoped war was at an end, and that the buildings, at the Kuruman Fountain, for the new station, would now get on fast. But no; a civil war broke out among the different Bechuana tribes, and the missionaries were sorely tried by it. One consequence of this civil war was, that robbers were continually stealing the cattle. Two bold thieves came down from the mountains one day, murdered the man who had charge of the missionaries' cattle, and took away an ox. Another time all the calves disappeared from the fold. Two of the missionaries' servants were sent to look for them, and after a long search found the remains of the calves among the ruins of an old town. Some one had already enjoyed a good feast of veal, and what was left had evidently been put aside for another time. There were traces of footsteps on the loose sand; the servants followed the track, out of the ruins, over the open plain, to-

wards the river-bank. There, by the river, they met two desperate-looking men, the thieves. They had bows and arrows, but their pursuers had guns. The latter, however, did not wish to kill these men, and so did not shoot them. There was a long scuffle between them, but at last one of the thieves was captured, and he, with the meat, was taken to Lattakoo.

Every one was glad to see this man brought to the town a prisoner, and very quickly decided that he deserved to be killed. But the missionaries, though they considered he ought to be punished, did not wish him to be hurt very much. He was whipped; and, when Mr. Moffat thought he had been whipped enough, a young man was sent towards him, with a gun in his hand. He stood still to fire: the prisoner saw him, and with one sudden bound was free, and away. The gun was fired after him; but, as there was only powder in it, it did no more than make a noise, which made him run the faster. It had been fired on purpose to frighten him away.

The fugitive took refuge in a village not far from Lattakoo: here he lived for some time, and used to boast that he could run faster than the white man's bullet. Some one, who knew the secret, at last told him that there was no bullet in the gun. This new idea made him think. "These people must be better than others," thought he; "for they only whipped me a little, and frightened me, when

I stole their calves. My own countrymen would have killed me for much less." His thoughts ended in his going to the mission-station, and asking for work. He was employed there as a labourer; and, at last, through the grace of God, became an intelligent, industrious, loving Christian man. But this was long after: at the time of the civil wars he was, as you have heard, a desperate thief.

So unsettled and unsafe was the state of Lattakoo, in consequence of the quarrelling Bechuana tribes, that Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hughes removed, with their families, to Griqua Town. Mr. Hamilton, as he had no wife and children, remained behind, and brought word to the other missionaries as soon as it was safe for them to return. Then Mr. Hughes went to the Cape, to fetch a supply of corn and vegetable seeds; and he brought back with him six Hottentot men and their families to assist in the building.

It was difficult to procure food for so large a number of people; and so much fear was there of attacks from robbers, that every one worked with a gun lying at his side.

Mrs. Moffat and Mrs. Hughes, with their children, still lived at Lattakoo; and the missionaries themselves took it in turns to be there; for, while building new houses for themselves, they did not neglect their work of teaching the heathen, or forget to worship God publicly in the chapel, as was their custom.

While the new station was in progress, Peclu, the young prince, who had visited the Cape with Mr. Moffat, died. This was a great grief to Mothibi and his mother. The missionaries, too, were grieved; for they had entertained great hopes that he would one day become a Christian, and help them very much. But he died; and his parents, not understanding how such a sad event could happen without a cause, believed that some one must have bewitched, and so killed him. This is a very common belief among the savages of Africa. If any one dies, they think the dead person has been made ill by a witch; and the witch must be found, and killed. The first thing to be discovered was, who had bewitched Peclu; and the king and queen decided it must have been done by his wife's relations. Happily, they heard that they were suspected, and ran away from Lattakoo, in order to save their lives.

Now that their dear son was dead, Mothibi and his wife hated the very thought of the grave in which his body was buried. They could not even bear the sight of the streets through which he had walked, or of the house in which he had lived. They had no hope of ever seeing him again, as Christians have, when their friends die; and so they had no comfort, and were all the more ready, when the time came, to leave the place at which he had lived with them, and to move away nearer

to the Kuruman Fountain, where the new missionary station was building.

The years of drought at length ended with a plentiful rain, which cheered the hearts of the poor people and their missionaries. The Bechuanas had been in very great distress; for even the cattle, which they had with great difficulty kept alive, were stolen from them during the civil wars. Now grass sprang up with wonderful quickness, and vegetables of all kinds grew again. This year, however, the Bechuanas were not to eat them. Vast swarms of locusts—such as those described among the plagues of Egypt—came like a great cloud over the land, darkening the air, and filling it with the noise of their flight. Down came the locusts upon the ground, settling thickly upon every herb, and branch, and stem, so that every green thing was eaten up by them.

Wherever a swarm of locusts settle, beasts of many kinds follow to eat them. Serpents, lizards, frogs, kites, vultures, crows, and locust birds feast upon them. Yet in such multitudes do these insects come, that the numbers devoured do not seem to make those remaining any fewer.

The grass and grain were quite destroyed; but then the Bechuanas collected the locusts by sacksfull—by millions and millions they collected them. They boiled them in pots over their fires, and then spread them out in the sun to dry. They cleared off the legs and wings, and put the little dried

bodies into bags, or laid them up in heaps upon the floors of their huts. The locusts had destroyed one kind of food, but they themselves made the poor Bechuanas fat. The people feasted upon their little enemies, and enjoyed the feast heartily: they had grown too hungry to be very dainty about their food.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. MOFFAT AMONG LIONS AND THE BAROLONGS.

At the end of the year 1826, the missionaries removed to the new station, near which many of the natives had already made their huts.

Mr. Moffat had not yet learned the Sechuana language perfectly, and it was very important that he should know it thoroughly. As long as he was among English friends, and was constantly speaking with them, he found it very difficult to give as much attention to the language as was necessary. All the while the new houses had been in course of erection, he had been obliged to talk much to Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Hughes about them; and this had very much retarded his progress in Sechuana. He had already written a Sechuana spelling-book for the use of children in school, and this was now being printed at the Cape. A child's spelling-book, however, does not contain as much of any language as a man should know; and, in order to learn more, Mr. Moffat resolved to banish himself for a while from all his friends who could speak English.

So once more this earnest missionary yoked the oxen into the wagon, said "Good-bye" to his wife and children, and left the pleasant Kuruman Fountain, and his new house, with its loved and loving treasures. He took no one with him but a boy to help drive the oxen, and two Barolongs, who were going home to Pitsan.

On the third day of their journey, at evening, they halted near a pool. It was already dark. The oxen were unyoked, and a fire was made. Mr. Moffat and the two men each took a brand from the fire, and groped their way to the pool to examine the footprints about it. In this way they would discover what kind of animals were near. To their dismay, they found many tracks of lions. They immediately returned, collected the oxen, and fastened them to the wagon as strongly as possible.

The Barolongs had brought with them a young cow. Mr. Moffat advised them to fasten her up also, but they considered it was not necessary, and said she would be too wise to leave the oxen and wagon. So they left the cow loose, and sat down around the fire to eat their supper. After supper Mr. Moffat sang a hymn and prayed to God, asking him to preserve them from the lions, for He could see as well in the night as in the day. The darkness and the night are both alike to him.

The men were already asleep, and the missionary was just preparing to lie down, when suddenly all

A LION'S ATTACK ON A MISSIONARY ENCAMPMENT.

the oxen started to their feet. Then came a bound, a bellow, a growl, a scuffle, then all these sounds were mingling together, but the bellowings were becoming more distant; something was being dragged away.

The frightened men, wide awake now, stood still and listened; they could see nothing. Evidently the poor cow had been seized by a lion; and at a little distance they could distinctly hear the poor animal's bellowings, the tearing of her flesh, and the breaking of her bones as the lion devoured her. How the men's hearts beat! Suppose it had been one of them?

As soon as the poor cow had ceased bellowing, Mr. Moffat fired again and again, in the direction in which he heard the lion. Each time the gun was fired the lion rushed at the wagon, and extremely terrified the oxen; but as he always returned to his prey, Mr. Moffat at last gave up trying to drive him off.

The fire was getting low, and with such unpolite, cruel neighbours, it was necessary to do all that was possible to keep them at a distance. More wood must be collected. The lion was still busy with the cow; so Mr. Moffat and one of the Barolongs ventured to creep quietly along towards the pool, to gather the wood which had been broken from the bushes by the animals who came to drink.

Mr. Moffat had not gone far, when, lifting up his eyes, he dimly discerned before him the outlines of

four animals. He listened what was the sound. Mr. Moffat felt his heart beat hard. It was a roar. The four animals before him were lions. Quietly and stealthily he crept back on his hands and knees towards his companions, to warn them of their danger. He found the man on the other side of the pool also much alarmed, and stealthily retreating; for on his side the water he had seen two lions with a cub.

There was the one lion eating the cow, four lions on one side the pool, and two lions and a cub on the other. In all, eight lions around them, in that dark night. How should you like to have been the boy-driver? The terrified men reached the wagon safely, and there remained in great fear. The fire grew less and less, until all light from it was gone. The lions were prowling round, roaring savagely. Sometimes they approached the spot at which the one was feasting upon the cow. They were not received at all politely there; for whenever they attempted to go near him, he growled and drove them away. All night long he went on by himself tearing the flesh and crunching the bones. Before day dawned, he dragged away what he had not eaten, and all the lions lay down in their lairs to sleep.

In the morning, the men went to find what the lion had left of the cow. They discovered the head, the backbone, the stomach, some parts of the legs, and two clubs which they had flung at him.

Everything else this one hungry lion had devoured in a single night.

You may be sure that the wagon and oxen did not stay by that pool a second night.

After awhile Mr. Moffat reached a village belonging to a Barolong chief, and lived there for ten weeks. The village was very dirty, and so were the people; but as the missionary's object was to talk to them as much as possible, he was obliged to put up with the dirt. He used to go into the fold where the men assembled to talk and prepare their skins, and did not mind, although they laughed a great deal at the mistakes he made.

While learning himself he tried to teach; and he talked to the Barolongs, as he had done to others, about God, and his dear Son our Saviour Jesus Christ.

At night, he would try and write down what he had learned during the day, which was no easy matter in such a thirsty land. The flies were so thirsty that they clustered into the inkstand to drink the ink, and followed the pen as it travelled over the paper to suck up the fluid. This, perhaps, would not have been a very great difficulty if there had been only a few flies, but there were so many, that sometimes in swarming round and into the candle they actually put it out. We, in England, can hardly understand such a difficulty in the way of writing exercises.

While dwelling among the Barolongs, Mr. Moffat

saw a good deal of their manners and customs, which interested him much.

Some of the young men were very swift runners. Two giraffes one day wandered near the village, and some of the young men, for amusement, pursued them, actually succeeding in overtaking and killing one of the animals. Such a feat as this is not common even among the Barolongs.

Not long after Mr. Moffat came to the Barolong village, some Bauangketsi people arrived, and begged him very much to go and visit their king, Sebegue, the son of Makaba. Makaba himself was now dead. Mr. Moffat told them that he could not go then, but he sent a present to Sebegue.

A fortnight after, he was sitting in his wagon, writing as well as he could, when he heard a cry in the village, that an enemy was approaching. Mr. Moffat looked out from his wagon. There certainly were a number of men approaching. The frightened inhabitants were running away in the opposite direction, and hiding wherever they could find shelter. The missionary did not like to go away and leave his wagon, and everything he had with him, so he waited to see first who the enemy was. This was rather courageous, but then Mr. Moffat was no coward.

Evidently from their dress the men were warriors. Who were they? They were coming very near. Who could they be? They were old Bauangketsi friends. Sebegue himself was at

their head on horseback. As the missionary could not come to see him, he had come to see the missionary. His horse had been bought on purpose for this journey; but there was another horse with him—where did that come from? Sebegue had stolen it that he might come before Mr. Moffat in a manner worthy of a king. He had also had a pair of trousers made because he knew Mr. Moffat thought it was proper to wear them. There were no tailors at Kuakue, and these trousers were of so strange a shape that Sebegue was not satisfied with them, and begged a better pair from Mr. Moffat.

Two days after, the royal visitor left. His last words to Mr. Moffat were, "Trust me as you have trusted my father."

Mr. Moffat perfected himself in the language very much while he remained among the Barolongs, and almost immediately after his return to Kuruman, the village at which he had stopped was attacked and destroyed by some robbers.

Are you surprised that the missionary was preserved from the savage lions and the cruel robbers? "There was no manner of hurt found upon him, because he believed in his God." "For thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favour wilt thou compass him as with a shield."

CHAPTER XIX.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

THE prospect at Kuruman was beginning to brighten. The missionaries did not yet feel that any of the natives were seeking God; but thousands had settled near them; the services were better attended, the people appeared to listen, and more children came to school.

Just as they were hoping that still brighter days were to dawn, news reached them that a large plundering band was going to attack the station and murder every one. The Bechuanas were so alarmed that they set their houses on fire and ran away. The missionaries once more took refuge in Griqua Town; but so much did Mr. Moffat regret having left his post, that he resolved never more to be frightened away by any reports he might hear.

Mr. Hughes remained at Griqua Town to help the missionary there. Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Moffat were glad to get back to Kuruman. The people were scattered, and where their huts had stood nothing was to be seen but heaps of ashes. The missionaries' houses still afforded shelter, but

most of their oxen and cows were dead, so that it was with difficulty they could procure food for themselves and the children.

The people, however, soon gathered together again, and new huts were quickly built. The spelling books, too, arrived just now from the Cape, and the school children were delighted to have books from which to learn. Mr. Moffat wrote three hymns in the Sechuana language, which he found the people much enjoyed singing in chapel.

Long and fervently had the missionaries prayed in years past, that God would open the hearts of the people among whom they were labouring; and send his Holy Spirit to teach them the knowledge of "the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent."

They had waited for an answer to these prayers, and now, when they had almost given up expecting an answer, it came.

The missionaries were surprised to see that during the prayers and the sermon some of the people wept. As they thought of their sinfulness, and heard of the Almighty Saviour's love, large tears rolled down their cheeks. Even the men cried like children—men who had been taught that it was a disgrace to shed a tear.

A runaway slave named Aaron, had come to Kuruman with his children, that they might be taught to read in the Mission-school. This man

became a Christian. He gave himself to Christ, and resolved to be his servant for the rest of his life. He had run away from one master, and now willingly gave himself to another, a master who had loved him so well that He died to save him. Aaron wished to be baptized, and asked Mr. Moffat to baptize him and his children; Mr. Moffat saw that he was in earnest, and did as he desired.

This man was the first convert, but all through the town now might be heard sounds of prayer and singing. Numbers were anxious to be taught. Aaron and two other men came to the missionaries, and offered to get a new schoolroom built. The offer was gladly accepted, and the work was begun in such good earnest that it was very soon finished. The women themselves did not build; but they and the children helped the men by doing what they could. They carried clay, and laths, and straw, and whatever the builders wanted. This schoolroom was used for a chapel also until a better one could be erected.

How glad the missionaries must have been to see this change. It was now thirteen years since Mr. Hamilton first went to Lattakoo. All those years he had suffered and waited, hoped and prayed. It was a long waiting time, but now he and Mr. Moffat felt fully repaid for all the pain and anxiety, for all the hunger and thirst and rough treatment which they had endured. The Bechuanas were crying, "We have been like beasts

before God. What shall we do to be saved?" How delightful to point them to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

Other changes soon took place. The people discovered that decent clothes and a good wash were improvements. The women came to Mrs. Moffat to learn to sew; and the fingers that had been accustomed to handling nothing much more delicate than large poles, or awkward gardening tools now tried to hold a needle. The poor women and girls could hardly feel the little things, but they were very persevering in their endeavours to learn. It must have been a strange looking sewing class, for scarcely one of the pupils had a frock to wear.

There was another difficulty in the way of making clothes. What were they to be made of? No one had ever dreamed of such a thing as a linen-draper's shop at Kuruman, for no one had wanted better clothes than a skin—except indeed the missionaries, and they had been obliged to procure a fresh supply from the Cape whenever it was absolutely necessary.

Many skins were cut up, and made into jackets, trousers, and gowns. If you had been at the mission-station about this time—of course you could not have been, because you were not born—but if you could have been there you might have enjoyed many a good laugh at the odd dresses to be seen. Sometimes a man would be walking about in a jacket with only one sleeve. He had not finished

yet the second sleeve, or, perhaps, had nothing of which to make it; or a man would come to chapel in a leathern jacket with cotton sleeves of different colours—one pink and the other blue; or one red and the other yellow. These oddities amused the missionaries; but it showed that the people were improving, or they would not care to dress at all.

Mrs. Moffat had plenty of work to do in cutting skins, which were brought to her, into garments of different shapes and sizes, and then showing their owners how to fasten the parts together, and how to wear their clothes.

The next improvements were in the huts. Such fine dresses required cleaner houses. The grease, with which the people used to smear themselves, was now carefully saved and made into a kind of candle. Some of the people were learning to read, and they found that they could both read and sew after sunlight had left them, if they had candles.

Mr. Moffat was translating the Gospel of Luke and some Bible lessons into the Sechuana language. He made all haste to finish them, and send them to the Cape to be printed, that those who wished might read the history of Jesus Christ in their own tongue.

Now that you have read this chapter, get your Bible and read Psalm cxxvi., it is very short. Remember what you have read here, and you will understand that little Psalm better than you have before.

CHAPTER XX.

KING MOSELEKATSE AND HIS AMBASSADORS.

JUST as all the changes, of which you were told in the last chapter, were in progress, two ambassadors arrived at the Kuruman station from the great king, Mo-se-le-kat-se, who reigned over the Matabele.

This great king had heard of the white men, and especially of the white men at Kuruman; and had sent these ambassadors to learn more about them, their manners and customs, and what they taught. He had chosen two of his chief nobles to go on this errand, but what will you think when you hear that, although they were nobles, they arrived at the mission-station without any clothes on at all. The Bechuanas were shocked, for though their ideas were not very elegant, they now considered dress of some kind quite necessary. To oblige the Bechuanas and the missionaries, the visitors put on some clothes, which were provided for them, and as they were unaccustomed to being covered, and must have felt uncomfortable in things which did not fit them well, this was very kind of them.

The ambassadors were very much astonished at everything they saw. The missionaries' houses and gardens; the long two-mile watercourse, along which the water flowed from the river to the gardens; the well-made walls, and above all the smith-shop and forge so amazed them, that they did not know how to express their feelings. They did not dance about or shout, but remained grave and behaved as though full of respect and veneration for the missionaries.

"You are men," they said, "we are children. Moselekatse must be taught these things."

The furniture in Mr. Moffat's house surprised them much; one caught sight of a little mirror, which he appeared greatly to admire. Mrs. Moffat handed him a larger one. He looked in at the reflection of his own face, but never before having seen a likeness of himself, he imagined one of his servants had got behind the glass, and told him to be gone. Of course, as no servant was there, no one obeyed the order, and when the ambassador found this was the case, he once more cautiously looked at himself, and then returned the glass to its owner, saying, with a very grave face, "It is a deceiver, I cannot trust it."

The ambassadors attended public worship at the chapel, and there they were more astonished than ever. The people no longer behaved as they used to do. There were men and women sitting decently and attentively; children who made no noise,

babies that were quickly hushed or carried out if they cried. What was the cause of such order? How could songs which were not war songs interest the congregation? Who were they talking to when they knelt down? What did the missionary talk about when he went on speaking to them so long?

Mr. Moffat tried afterwards to explain to his visitors the good news of Jesus' love, and told them that they all met to worship God and learn about Him.

Moselekatse had wished his ambassadors to visit the Cape, but the distance was so great, and the difficulties in the way were so many, that they were obliged to remain satisfied with all the new things they had seen and heard at the Kuruman.

One day they entered Mr. Moffat's house with very grave and anxious looks, and asked to speak with him alone. Mr. Moffat wondered what secret he was going to hear, and quickly sent every one away. This was the secret: the ambassadors were in great difficulty, they said, for some of the Bechuana tribes dwelling between Kuruman and Moselekatse's territory, had determined to murder them on their way home.

Mr. Moffat was very much perplexed as to what was best to be done. He knew that very likely if the ambassadors were alone, the savage, thoughtless Bechuanas would murder them. He knew that if they were murdered, Moselekatse, who was

a great warrior, and had a large army, would come and destroy the offending tribes, as he had already destroyed many nations. The only way seemed to be for Mr. Moffat and a guard of men to go with them so far on their journey as there was any fear of an attack. So wagons and oxen, and a strong guard were prepared, which conveyed the ambassadors as far as the country of the Bahurutsi. Here Mr. Moffat delivered his charge over to the king Mokhatla, and requested him either to go himself with these nobles to their king, or to send a strong escort with them. To this plan the ambassadors did not at all agree though Mokhatla made no objection. They said that, since Mr. Moffat had shown them so much kindness, they wished to present him to their king, that he also might express his gratitude. Mr. Moffat wished much to return home, but at last reluctantly consented to go as far as the outposts of Moselekatse's dominions. Mokhatla desired to see the king of the Matebele, so he accompanied Mr. Moffat and the ambassadors.

The country lying between Mokhatla's capital and that of Moselekatse, is very different from the country nearer the Kuruman. The land is better watered, and as it was a rainy season, when Mr. Moffat passed through it, everything looked particularly fresh and green. Clumps of large and beautiful trees cast a delightful shade upon the luxuriant grass, where animals of many kinds

were grazing. These pleasant valleys were, however, spoilt; scattered through them were to be seen the ruins of many towns, destroyed either by the armies of the Matebele or of the Mantatees. Among these sad ruins lions roamed about in great numbers; lions even more dangerous than they commonly are, for they had learned to enjoy human flesh, from having lived near such a man as Moselekatse.

You have not heard anything bad of this king before. His ambassadors had not behaved like the servants of a very cruel king; but very cruel he was, and even the lions were the worse for being near him. Close to the outposts of his kingdom Mr. Moffat remarked a tree which had some very large and strange-looking nests in it. They looked like huts, but birds could not build huts. Mr. Moffat climbed up the tree to get a nearer view. The nests really were huts, and there, at the entrance to one of them, was a woman nursing a baby. What a queer little village built in a tree! And what a large tree to bear so many huts and so many people. Mr. Moffat counted seventeen huts, and saw a good many women and children. The men were out hunting.

Why do they live up there? you ask. Why do they not build their huts on the ground, where the children can run about without fear of falling? The people belonged to a tribe that had been conquered by Moselekatse, and these were all that

had escaped alive. The wild beasts had feasted upon the dead bodies of their companions, and would quickly devour them, too, if they remained on the ground. The children were safer crawling about the branches, and eating roots and locusts, than they would be if their mothers were cultivating gardens below, or trying to supply them with cow's milk. Sometimes they had a feast upon game caught by the men; and as there was an abundant supply of animals in the country around, there was no fear of starvation.

This strange village was built in a tree near to the kingdom of Moselekatse; and as Mr. Moffat had now travelled with the ambassadors as far as he thought necessary, he prepared once more to return home. The missionary went up to the two men, to wish them good-bye. They were sitting on the ground, but arose as their friend approached, and stood for a while silent and sad. Then one of them put his right hand on Mr. Moffat's shoulder, and said: "Father, you have been our guardian; we are yours; you love us, and will you leave us?" Then pointing to the mountains far off on the horizon, he continued: "Yonder dwells the great Moselekatse. How shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us. For when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct caused you to return. And before the sun descend on the day we see his face, we shall be

ordered out for execution because you are not with us."

Mr. Moffat tried to persuade them to go on without him.

"Are you afraid?" they asked.

"No," he answered.

"Then it remains with you to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow."

Mr. Moffat could not resist the pleaders. He went on through the beautiful land governed by that cruel despotic king. For several days the wagons were detained by dreadful thunderstorms and very heavy rains. But though the travellers were stopped by the weather, many visitors arrived from the villages around, bringing presents of milk and grain to supply them with food during the delay.

Mr. Moffat found another missionary, named Mr Archbell, waiting to see Moselekatse; but the king had refused to receive him until the arrival of Mr. Moffat, of whose approach he had been told.

A special messenger was sent to conduct Mr. Moffat to the king's presence, and Mr. Archbell went with him. They left their wagons to follow, and themselves rode on horseback to the town unarmed and almost alone.

The fold belonging to the town was so large that it held as many as ten thousand oxen, and here the king had arranged to receive his visitors.

Mr. Moffat was surprised, as he entered the fold, to see a company of warriors partly concealed on each side of the entrance, and a much larger company already in it. Should not you have felt afraid? It was too late to turn back, whatever these savage naked warriors intended to do. The missionaries and their attendants rode in and dismounted, as though they had seen nothing to alarm them. The soldiers at the entrance raised a hideous yell, and rushed in after them, then quietly joined the lines of warriors already standing in the fold.

All remained perfectly still and motionless for a few moments; the stillness was succeeded by a loud, wild war-song. Another silence followed, and from behind his warriors marched forth the monarch, followed by a train of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He walked up to the missionaries, and saluted them with a clumsy shake of the hands. Then, politely pointing to the food, he asked them to eat; which they did.

As the wagons were approaching, Mr. Moffat asked the king where he might encamp. Moselekatse graciously answered, "The land is before you; you are come to your son."

When the "moving houses" came nearer, the king grasped Mr. Moffat's arm tightly, and drew back afraid. He had never seen wagons, and thought perhaps they were alive. The oxen were unyoked; and now that the wagons no longer

moved, the king ventured cautiously to approach them, and at last even to examine them. The wheels astonished him, and he could not understand how the iron bands around them were made without a join. One of the ambassadors, whose visit to the Kuruman had made him wiser than his master, took Mr. Moffat's hand in his and said:

"My eyes saw this hand cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and join them as you see."

By looking more carefully, the king discovered the join.

"Does he give medicine to the iron, to make the ends hold together so?" asked the king.

"No," answered the ambassador; "nothing is used but fire, a hammer, and a chisel."

Moselekatse was very kind to Mr. Moffat, and thanked him much for his attention to his messengers. He gave a ball in honour of his visitor, but this Mr. Moffat did not at all enjoy; for heathen dances are not decent, or in any way pleasant to civilized people.

There was one thing which struck Mr. Moffat very much as he watched Moselekatse and his subjects. His people treated him as though he were a god; whenever he rose up or sat down he was hailed with a shout; and the common names by which he was called mean Great King, King of Heaven, Elephant.

On the Sunday after the visitors' arrival a grand feast took place. Cattle were slaughtered, and all

the people were delighted with the anticipation of a day of eating, drinking, singing, and dancing.

No. Mr. Moffat noticed one man gloomy and sad. Ah! there was to be no feast for him. He was an officer, and had committed some offence, for which he was this day to be tried. He was taken before the king without his shield or spear, and the king heard the charge laid against him. What he had done, we are not told; but it was proved he was guilty, and deserved to die.

When the trial was over, the king said to the poor man, "You are a dead man, but I shall do to-day what I never did before. I spare your life for the sake of my friend, Mr. Moffat. He has travelled from a far country to see me, and he says that to take away life is an awful thing. He has asked me not to go to war or destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his people, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you, for I love him. He has saved the lives of my ambassadors."

"But," continued the king, "you must no more be a noble, nor enter the towns of the nobles, nor join in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the fields, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the deserts."

The proud, savage noble answered the king that he would rather die than live such a life, and begged his sovereign, as a mercy, to allow him to be killed.

His request was granted. His hands were tied over his head and he was led away between two men. They led him up a hill to the edge of a precipice overhanging the river; there they threw him over, and he was devoured by the crocodiles, who were opening their great jaws below ready to receive him.

Mr. Moffat must have found it very difficult to worship God during a Sunday filled as this one was with wicked and savage deeds; and yet doubtless his heart was full of prayer for these poor heathen, who knew not what they did.

Moselekatse had many conversations with Mr. Moffat during his stay, and was very inquisitive about everything which concerned the white men. He could not understand how it was possible Mr. Moffat should have left his own country without asking his king's permission; and was very much surprised to hear that he had never seen his king and did not know how much cattle he possessed. Mr. Moffat tried to explain that he had come to Africa as the messenger of the King of kings, and that even the king of England had persons to teach him how to serve the Great King of heaven.

"Is your king like me?" asked Moselekatse.

Of course Mr. Moffat could not say yes; for no two kings could be more unlike than Moselekatse and William IV., who was at that time reigning in England.

When Mr. Moffat described the industry of the English people, the wonderful things they made, and the vast numbers of sheep and oxen killed every day in England for food, Moselekatse exclaimed :

"Your nation must be terrible in battle ; you must tell your king I wish to be at peace with him."

One day Mr. Moffat was talking to the king about the sin of murdering his fellow-men. The king agreed with all he said, and assured the missionary he would never go to war again. But while they were speaking, a regiment of naked Matebele soldiers came near, and bowed at a distance from their sovereign to wait for orders. Their leader approached the king, and very humbly saluting him, said, "Permit us, O king, to go and attack some town, that we may get more spoils."

Notwithstanding what he had just said to Mr. Moffat, Moselekatse let them go.

It was his way of keeping his warriors employed. They used to attack a town belonging to another nation, seize the cattle for themselves, and drive out all the inhabitants. The old men and women were killed at once. The men, who had tried to defend themselves and their families, were bound round with a quantity of dry grass, which was then set on fire. The young men and girls were loaded with the spoils taken from their own homes ; they had become the slaves of their conquerors. The babies and little children were left, and died of

hunger, or were eaten by the hyenas and lions. Sometimes these helpless little ones were put together in the fold, wood was heaped over them, and this heap was set on fire. Can you imagine anything more horrible? Did you ever think how other children suffer and perish, while you are carefully fed, and clothed, and taught, and protected?

You will hear of Moselekatse again by-and-by.

When Mr. Moffat reached home after his visit to Moselekatse, he found the Bechuanas were still improving. God had blessed the land with rain, and the people began to cultivate many new kinds of vegetables. Until this time, the only things they had planted were the native corn, pumpkins, kidney beans, and water melons. Now they watered their gardens, and raised maize, barley, peas, potatoes, carrots, onions, and even fruit-trees.

So much new work required new tools; the men, who had been so idle, were trying to buy spades, ploughs, harrows, or mattocks. They were learning to read also, and wanted books. Mr. Moffat worked hard to translate the Gospel of Luke into the Sechuana language for them and when it was done he made a journey to the Cape to get it printed. He took his wife and children with him, and as some of his children were growing up he placed them at a school in Graham's Town. Here they could learn things it was important for them to know, and where they were removed far away from the bad example of the heathen.

On his return to Kuruman Mr. Moffat took back with him true riches. There were another missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; all the copies of Luke's Gospel; all the copies of the hymns, many of which Mr. Moffat had composed; money to pay for building a chapel; a large box, filled with materials for clothing, printed calicoes, baize, etc.; and, to crown all, a printing-press, with type, paper, and ink in plenty.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffat's own treasures, their children, were left behind, and the house at Kuruman must have been dull to their father and mother without the patter of their footsteps and their cheerful voices. There was, however, no time for sad thoughts. Mrs. Moffat was soon very busy with her sewing-school again; and the printing-press was set to work by Mr. Moffat to print catechisms, spelling-books, and Scripture lessons.

How astonished the people were when they saw a sheet of white paper disappear for a few minutes and come out of the press again covered over with black letters! When the first sheets were printed, a man, standing by, begged to have one. It was given to him, and away he bounded into the town, showing it to everybody he met, and asserting that the missionaries had made it in a minute, with a round black hammer and a shake of the arm. Of course, every one wanted to see such conjuring as that, and crowds came to look at the printing-press.

As soon as he could, Mr. Moffat persuaded a trader to live at the Kuruman station, and get what the people wished to buy. So many wanted European things, and were willing to pay for them, that it was worth while for some one to supply them.

Missionaries were sent by Christian societies to other tribes of Bechuanas. Some settled at Molito; they were Frenchmen; some went to Isantsabane, and other places; and from that time—which is more than twenty years ago—to this, the number of missionaries and of Christians have gone on increasing.

In the year 1834, a stranger, riding on ox-back, stopped at the door of Mr. Moffat's house. There were with him two or three attendants, also on oxen. The stranger was clean, and pretty well dressed for those parts, and he asked where he might lodge and pasture his oxen.

Mr. Moffat pointed to an out-house, which was empty, and asked him for what purpose he had come to Kuruman.

The stranger said his name was Mosheu, and he was the chief of some people living at a place called Mosheu's Village. He had come on purpose to see Mr. Moffat with his own eyes; and the good missionary had not often been stared at more than Mosheu stared at him.

In the evening, some one was sent from Mr. Moffat's house to the shed, with an offer of supper

to Mosheu and his men. To every one's surprise, it was found that this stranger had brought plenty of food with him, and wanted none. This was the first person who had visited the Kuruman Station without expecting the missionaries to supply them with food.

Mosheu saw and was delighted with everything at the station. Mr. Moffat spoke to him of God the Father, and his Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ; but, though he used his eyes well, he did not appear to pay any attention to what was said.

Time passed on, and again Mosheu appeared at Kuruman, not now attended by two or three servants, but followed by a long train of oxen and people. He had brought his wives and relations this time. What had they all come for? Mosheu, on his return home, had repeated Mr. Moffat's words about God's great love, and his need of a Saviour such as Jesus is; and now he had come back to ask, "What must we do to be saved?" They had all come to ask, "What must we do to be saved?" "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," was the missionary's glad reply to their question.

Mosheu and his train remained for some time at the missionary station, in order to learn more of Jesus, whom to know is life eternal. When at last he left, he begged Mr. Moffat to visit his village. Mr. Moffat promised to do so, and went as soon as he could, though, as he was very busy, he was

not able to do so for some time. He reached Mosheu's village very weary indeed, and hoped to be able to lie down in his wagon at once, and rest. But rest was out of the question. No sooner did the wagon approach the village, than old and young, men, women, and children, came running together, to see and welcome the missionary. Five hundred people were, in a few minutes, holding out their hands to shake his, crowding forward, and pressing upon one another in their eagerness.

It was twelve o'clock at night before they were satisfied, and then Mr. Moffat lay down in his wagon to sleep.

By early dawn the people were around the wagon again, all waiting for him to come and preach to them. Mr. Moffat heard their eager, clamorous voices while dressing himself; and, as soon as he appeared, messengers ran to tell those who had not come to the wagon that Mr. Moffat was up. He did not wait to have his breakfast, but at once began to preach to the crowd, and spoke to them for an hour, while all remained silent and attentive. The text he chose was this, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,"—a story so old to us that there is reason to fear we hardly see how marvellous a story it is; we are even tired of hearing it sometimes. These people did not weary of hearing the strange glad news.

There, in the open air, in the middle of their village, they stood about, and listened. The cattle wandered away unheeded; the dogs barked, and, as a punishment for the interruption, had sticks and stones flung at their heads. Women who had been milking stood with their vessels of milk in their hands all the time, and some strangers, who came up with bows and spears, laid their weapons down, and came to listen too.

When Mr. Moffat had finished speaking, and his congregation was dispersing, he went to a pool to wash himself, and then returned to his wagon, to get some breakfast. What was his surprise, to find the people assembled again, and to hear that they wanted another sermon directly. Mr. Moffat said he was hungry, and begged them to wait for half an hour. One of the chief women, hearing this, hobbled away to her hut, and returned with a wooden bowl, filled with sour milk, which she gave to Mr. Moffat, saying, with a smile, "There, drink away, drink much, and you will be able to speak long." So Mr. Moffat drank the milk, and began to preach again.

As soon as the second sermon was finished, the people divided into groups, to talk over what had been said. Mr. Moffat heard one young man repeat the whole of the sermon to a group of listeners, and at the same time he imitated all the preacher's movements. It must have been rather a droll sight to see this new preacher. He was

THE BECHUANA PREACHER.

dressed in a strange manner. He had a good memory, and had attended to what he had been taught. It is gratifying to know that he became a Christian, and soon after died.

But two sermons had not satisfied these eager villagers. After the cows had been milked in the evening, when the sun went down, the people came once more around the wagon. There, while the clear, silvery moon shone on their dark upturned faces, they listened again to God's message of love; and, long after Mr. Moffat thought they ought all to be asleep, they were lingering about, asking questions, or talking over what they had heard.

Next morning the wind was very high, which quite prevented preaching out of doors; so Mr. Moffat spent the day talking to the people in their huts, and began to teach them to read. They imagined this learning to read would be very easy work, and understood nothing of the time it would take. Towards evening the wind subsided, and Mr. Moffat preached again; but no one was more ready for sleep than the night before. At bedtime, all the people wanted a lesson in reading.

Two or three young men, who had already learned to read, had accompanied Mr. Moffat from Kuruman. A few spelling-books and sheets of letters were in the wagon; and soon the Kuruman readers were each surrounded by a circle of scholars, calling out "A, B, C." It was moonlight,

and the letters were small; so that all could not see them to know what they were like, but all could shout, and did shout, "A, B, C."

Mr. Moffat, too, had a class. He had brought in the wagon one sheet on which the alphabet was printed in large type. This sheet he spread on the ground, and a number of men knelt down around it.

Mr. Moffat pointed with a stick to A.

"A," shouted the men after him, at the top of their voices. They made a great deal of noise, because, they said, it would help their tongues to get sooner accustomed to the strange "seeds," as they called the letters.

The lesson went on for some time, and it was growing late. Mr. Moffat was very tired, and rose to straighten his back, when he saw, coming towards him and his class, a number of young folks. They were dancing and skipping along in high glee, and caught hold of him rather roughly, crying, "Oh, teach us the A, B, C, with music!"

One of the young men from Kuruman had told them that in the schools there the children sang their alphabet.

A, B, C, with a tune was much more interesting and amusing than without it, and now the lesson was sung to "Auld Lang Syne." The people learned it very quickly, and were so pleased with their new acquirements, that it was between two and three o'clock in the morning before they allowed their teacher to leave them.

Then Mr. Moffat went to his wagon, and, without undressing, lay down to sleep, while "A, B, C" to "Auld Lang Syne" was still being shouted by the excited people. The sound hardly died away during the remainder of the night; and when morning dawned, the women went to milk the cows, and the boys to tend the calves, still humming "A, B, C," to "Auld Lang Syne."

These villagers must have been sorry to see the oxen yoked into the kind missionary's wagon, and to find that he was going to leave them. Yes! their teacher stayed with them only a very few days; but they did not forget what he had taught them, nor did they think any trouble too much for the sake of learning more. Often, after this, a party of men, women, and children from Mosheu's village might be seen wending their way over the weary plains that lay between their home and the Kuruman station, driving their milch cows before them. They were going to learn, and the cows were to supply them with food during their stay at the station, so that they might be no burden to the friends there.

Little children, who think learning a trouble, and going to school disagreeable, remember the men, women, and children of Mosheu's village!

CHAPTER XXIII.

KING MOTHIBI.—MR. MOFFAT VISITS ENGLAND.

In the year 1838, the chapel at the Kuruman station was finished. Until this time Divine service had been held in the room which was to be now used as a school-room only.

On the day that the chapel was opened, between eight and nine hundred people came to worship God in it, and the Sunday after, one hundred and fifty took the Lord's Supper there. One hundred and fifty obeying Jesus Christ's command, "Do this in remembrance of me"! What pleasure for the missionaries! Many of the people wept for joy as they recollected the past times of ignorance and sin, and thought of their great happiness now in knowing and loving Jesus. Surely the angels in heaven, who rejoice over one repenting sinner, were glad at the sight?

King Mothibi was, at this time, not living at Kuruman. He was old, and blind, and infirm. For many years he had heard the gospel, but he had not given his heart to Jesus. One day he asked his sons to lead him to the missionaries. They took him to Kuruman.

"I am an old man," he said to Mr. Hamilton, "an old man, but without understanding. There is nothing left of me but my dry bones and withered skin. My heart is sick; my mind is dark; my soul is sorrowful; and my memory gone. Will Jesus let me come to Him now?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Hamilton said; "Jesus said 'come' even now."

And Mothibi gave himself to Jesus, old and worn out as he was. And the merciful Saviour accepted the offering of his contrite heart. Humbly the old king stood to be baptized among those whom he had considered to be no better than dogs. They were his fellow-Christians now. His grief for the remainder of his life was that he had ever treated his subjects badly, and that he had not known his Saviour sooner, that he might have served him longer and better.

It was now more than twenty years since Mr. Moffat had visited his native land. He had many reasons for wishing to return. He wished to bring some of his children over that they might have the advantage of English teachers. There were many dear friends whom he and his wife desired to see again. And there were many things to tell the English people, which those at least who loved the Saviour would be glad to hear. They would be told that, after many years of toil and strife and suffering, the good seed was at last springing up and bearing fruit.

So Mr. Moffat came to England with his family. His friends here were very pleased to see him, and many people rejoiced to meet this devoted missionary, and hear him speak of what he had seen and done, and what the Great God had done through him and his fellow-labourers at Kuruman.

While in England Mr. Moffat wrote the book from which this account of Africa has been taken for you. A book which your fathers and mothers very likely read when they were children as you are now; for it was written twenty years ago.

Twenty years ago! And how have the Kuruman station and Mr. Moffat been getting on since then? There is the mission station still; there are the chapel, the school-rooms, the missionaries' houses; there still dwell Mr. and Mrs. Moffat assisted by younger missionaries, and by two of their daughters, who take charge of the schools. How different the past and present of this far-off spot! Do you not hope it may go on prospering for many years to come?

CHAPTER XXIV.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND SECHELE.

And now are you willing to shut up this little book and put it quite away? Would you like never to hear any more about South Africa and Mr. Moffat? I cannot believe it possible.

During the last twenty years Mr. Moffat must have been doing something; and surely more missionaries have been sent out to the other Bechuana tribes, and to Moselekatse perhaps.

Certainly, there are many more missionaries in South Africa than there were twenty years ago, and Mr. Moffat has been very busy.

About the time that Mr. Moffat visited England another young Scotchman was sent out by the London Missionary Society to Africa. He went first to Kuruman and afterwards to a chief of the Bakwains called Sechele.

This missionary you have often heard of—David Livingstone. His name is better known among young people than the name even of Robert Moffat.

David Livingstone, however, is not spoken of as a missionary, so much as a great traveller. He has visited lands and people before unknown to Europeans. Indeed, since he returned to England and told us where he had been, it has become necessary to draw new maps of Africa, and put in the names of rivers, lakes, mountains, towns, and nations which Dr. Livingstone has found.

Dr. Livingstone remained with Sechele, as a missionary, for some time. This chief became a Christian. He was very earnest in all that he did. When he saw from God's Word that it was not right to have more wives than one, he made presents to all, except his principal wife, and sent them home to their parents.

Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa for twelve years before he began his great journey of discovery. He had already taken several journeys, but had returned from them to his wife and children, in Sechele's town.

When Sechele found that his kind teacher had made up his mind to leave him, he determined to send his five eldest children to the Kuruman station to be taught.

The mothers and relations of the children did not at all like them to be sent so far away from home. In order to show their grief, they came to the royal huts, and there, sitting down upon the floor, made a great noise, weeping and wailing.

Sechele was much displeased when he saw these women, and heard the noise they were making. He was himself very grieved to part with his children, but he was resolved they should go; and so he told the women, if they were not quiet very soon, he would himself go away with the children to Kuruman, and leave his people to get on as they could. On hearing this, the women made more noise than ever; but I suppose they soon left off, for Sechele did not leave them.

It was very wise of Sechele to send his children to Mr. Moffat, as there was no missionary residing among his own people. It proved that he really was earnest in his wish to do right, for it pained him to send his children away, in order that they might be trained as Christians.

The children were sent in wagons, with twelve attendants. It was a long journey to school—two hundred and fifty miles, in slow-moving wagons. It does not seem that Sechele had even so much as asked Mr. Moffat to take care of the children. He must have had great faith in the missionaries' kindness, when he sent his boys and girls so far away to strangers who did not expect them.

He sent a letter to Mr. Moffat by one of the attendants, asking him to teach the children; and Mr. and Mrs. Moffat were so good as to receive the five scholars, and provide for them.

The children all seemed very happy; but their attendants prepared to return home with the

wagons, and one poor little boy cried when he had to say "Good-bye" to his old nurse. This little boy who loved his nurse was called Bantsang.

Sechele's children had already been taught in Dr. Livingstone's Mission-school, and so were not as ignorant as savages. Mrs. Moffat found that they were obedient. Every morning she sent them to Mrs. Ashton's day-school. When the girls returned, they did needlework with Mrs. Moffat. In the afternoon, a native Christian girl gave them all a reading lesson; and in the evening they were taught to write.

While Sechele's children were thus safe among Christian friends, he was himself in great danger and trouble. The Boers—the old enemies of the native Africans—attacked his town, plundered the Mission-station, destroyed Dr. Livingstone's books and medicine bottles, scattered the people, and carried away many prisoners, among whom were two of Sechele's children.

Sechele did not give up to his enemies without a hard fight, and in the fight some of the Boers were killed. The Boers were so used to kill their enemies, and to escape themselves, that they were quite surprised when they found the Bakwains could fight, and kill too. They concluded that the missionaries must have taught the poor Bakwains to defend themselves.

Sechele now had no home. He sent his wife with her baby to Mr. Moffat, with a letter telling

what had happened. Perhaps you would like to read a translation of the letter.

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused; they demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northwards). I replied, 'These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them).' They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight; and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men; and the mother of Baleriling * they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of wagons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my wagon and that of Macabe, then the number of their wagons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters † were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed

* Baleriling had been one of Sechele's wives.

† He alludes to some Englishmen, who were hunting and exploring in the north.

twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend; now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.

"I am,

"SECHELE (the Son of Mochoasele)."

Poor Sechele! When he had sent his wife with the letter to Mr. Moffat, he set off to take a very long journey—even as far as to London, to see the Queen of England! He wished to tell her how ill her subjects the Boers had behaved to him, and to ask her to make them give up the prisoners which they had carried away.

Sechele knew it was very far to England, but he had no idea how far. He reached the Cape; but when he saw the sea, and heard of the immense quantity of water lying between the shores of Africa and the shores of England, and of the money he would require to pay his passage to England and back, he saw he must give up the attempt.

Most likely our good queen never so much as heard how this African chief started on a long journey, for the sake of asking her help.

Sechele returned to the Bakwain country; his people recovered from their fright; they assembled again; built the ruined town; and Sechele was soon a much more powerful chief than before.

He went to the Kuruman station for his wife and children, and was very much surprised and delighted with the progress they had all made.

Mrs. Moffat felt sorry that the children should go away to a heathen home again, and asked Sechele to allow at least the younger ones to remain with her a little longer. But though little Bantsang was not more than ten years old, Sechele thought even he could read and write so nicely, that he was quite as clever as he need be, and it was time that they all set to work to teach others now. So the children were supplied with clothes, books, writing-paper, pens, pencils, etc. and they returned home with their father and his wife. A native teacher also went with them.

It was a great pity that these children were taken away from their Christian home. In some things, indeed, they knew more than their father; but young people are very seldom wise enough not to be led astray by bad examples. Indeed, very often even grown up people are led to do wrong by seeing other people do it. Only those, who, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, have set the pure and good example of the Lord Jesus before them, can hope to live in the world, and not be like the bad people that are in it.

Sechele himself was not wise in this, he was leading his children into temptation. They were not fit to guide themselves, much less to teach heathen men and women how to do anything properly.

Presently you shall hear how disappointed Sechele was in his children.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. MOFFAT CONVEYS SUPPLIES TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Dr. Livingstone had sent his wife and children home to England, and was far away from civilized men, travelling in unknown countries and among unknown nations.

His wife, while on her way home to England, and after her arrival here, must have felt very anxious about her dear husband, for she could hear nothing about him. She wrote letters to him, and sent them to her father, Mr. Moffat, hoping, that as her husband was nearer to Kuruman than to England, her friends there might know something of him. But Mr. Moffat did not know much more about Dr. Livingstone than his daughter knew. He wrote more letters, and sent them altogether by messengers to a chief called Sekhomi. Sekhomi had promised to forward letters to a place called Linyanti, and at Linyanti there was a man waiting to take them to Dr. Livingstone.

By-and-by, people travelling from Sekhomi's country, told Mr. Moffat that their chief had not kept his promise. Instead of sending a man to Linyanti with the parcel of letters, he had kept it,

and said he meant to keep it, until Dr. Livingstone came himself to pay for it.

It was very wrong of Sekhomi to break his word, and he caused a great deal of annoyance and trouble. But that is no wonder; people who cannot be trusted, always do give trouble to others.

Mr. Moffat was very vexed, for he not only had no news of Dr. Livingstone for himself, but could send none to his daughter in England; and if the letters had been forwarded, by this time Dr. Livingstone might have been heard from. Then, too, Dr. Livingstone had heard nothing of his friends; and, after his long absence, he might be in need of a great many things, which he could not obtain where he was. New boots, and coats, and hats; new tents, and guns, and such things.

Mr. and Mrs. Moffat thought over all this. They decided that Mr. Moffat had better go himself, and take the letters and other things which Dr. Livingstone might require to Linyanti. So parcels were prepared, and stowed into the wagon, the oxen were yoked in, and once more the good missionary journeyed away from Kuruman.

But he did not go alone. There were two traders going the same way, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Chapman. They were going to buy ivory and skins from the Matebele, the people of Moselekatse. Their wagons, with Mr. Moffat's, all the oxen, drivers, and interpreters, made a large cavalcade.

This was not quite a straight journey to Linyanti

and back, for Mr. Moffat wished to pay a few visits on the way.

First, a visit to Sechele, to see how he and the children were getting on.

Second, a visit to Sekhomi, to ask for the letters.

Third, a visit to Moselekatse, through whose country the supplies must be sent, as it was impossible to trust any more to Sekomi.

Sechele was very pleased to see his kind friend. When he heard that the wagons were approaching, he came out of his town, accompanied by his wife and children, to receive his visitors.

Sechele's wife and children looked neat. They wore well-made, tiger-skin karosses over their other clothes.

Mr. Moffat and his friends accompanied Sechele home. There was a kind of verandah outside the house in front; and behind were courts and sheds, in which corn, pumpkins, dried water-melons, &c. were stored. The house was large and comfortable, and was partitioned, or divided, so as to make a sitting-room on one side, and a bed-room on the other. The floor was hard and clean. There were guns, bullet-pouches, and powder-horns, hanging on the walls.

In the sitting-room were some chairs and a table; and at a fire, which was burning there, the maids were attending to something which was boiling in a pot. Clean scoured bowls were placed upon the table, and presently the contents of the

pot were emptied into bowls. Clean spoons were handed to Mr. Moffat, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Chapman, with the help of which they quickly disposed of their meal of porridge.

I tell you these things about Sechele's home that you may compare them in your own mind with what you have heard of the old heathen habits of the people.

As the sun sank in the west, a bell was rung. This was a call to school. Mr. Moffat went with Sechele to the school-house; for he wanted to see how many scholars there were, and what they were learning. The house itself was built of wattle and mud just under an overhanging precipice. The floor was covered with dust two or three inches deep. Not many people came to school. The native teacher was there and Sechele's children, but only one or two others. A hymn was sung, then the teacher read a chapter from the Testament, which Mr. Moffat had translated into the Sechuana language. Another hymn was sung, and then began a reading lesson.

Mr. Moffat asked his old pupils how many people they had taught to read. The poor children were obliged to confess they had taught no one; for no one would come to them to learn. Sechele had obliged many of his people to learn to make wagons and use tools, so Mr. Moffat told him he had better make them learn to read, too, as they were so foolish as not to do it willingly.

The next day Mr. Moffat had a long talk with Sechele. They sat quietly together and talked for five hours. I could not tell you what it was all about, but a good deal was said about the children. They were not behaving as well as Sechele had hoped they would do. The elder ones even wished to become heathens again. This was a great grief to their father, and he begged Mr. Moffat to speak to the children and tell them how wrong they were.

The next day, accordingly, the children were called to speak with Mr. Moffat. They came into the room where he and their father were sitting. There were all his old pupils, whom he had taught so carefully, and prayed for so much—Sebele, Ope, Kirebolecoe, Kuanting, and Bantsang. All of them looked grave, except Kirebolecoe, and I am sorry to say she grinned very rudely, and as though she did not care at all for being reproved.

Mr. Moffat had his Bible in his hand, and turning to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, he read to them a verse, which they had very often heard before. Perhaps you have heard it too. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." The children knew what their kind teacher meant. They had not been honouring and obeying their parents.

Then he spoke solemn words to them about the sad consequences of sin and disobedience; how God marked it and punished it. He begged them

all to think of these things, and to resolve, with God's help, to do what they knew was right.

Ope answered, "Father oppresses me, I will go and do as the heathen do."

Kirebolecoe said, "If Ope goes I shall go also;" and Kuanting said the same.

Here were two naughty children following the bad example of an elder sister.

Sebele said, "I do not wish to do wrong, I will not go;" and Bantsang made the same answer.

Sebele was the eldest son, and Bantsang the youngest. Doubtless little Bantsang would have answered as the others did, had not Sebele influenced him aright.

Then Sechele spoke to his rebellious children. "You eat my food," he said, "you wear my clothes, you live in my house, you are under my care, you are mine. I am your father. Will you run away, and put me to shame and grief before those who have taught me and you?"

Whether the children did go to the heathen, or whether they repented and stayed at home, I do not know. Sechele must have sorely repented his mistake in bringing them away from the Kuruman station.

Two days after this conversation with the children, Mr. Moffat said "Good-bye" to Sechele, and with his whole party left the town. They were going to the Bamanguato country to see its treacherous, cunning chief, Sekhomi.

The Bamanguato people knew that Mr. Moffat was coming, and many ran out to see this far-famed teacher when they heard of his approach. Mr. Edwards and Mr. Chapman had before travelled through the country, so the natives knew them; but of Mr. Moffat they had only heard. Now they came to look at him, and they amused him very much by the way in which they talked about him.

They would give him a good stare, and say to each other, "Is it he?" "Yes; it is he. Salute him." And then came the salutation, "Good evening morning." They had heard English people say, "Good evening," and "good morning," so they, knowing no better, put the words together and said, "Good evening morning." Mr. Moffat smiled, but he knew the meaning of it all was, "We have heard of you; we are very pleased to see you, and wish to be very polite."

Mr. Moffat despatched a messenger to Sekhomi, to ask for the parcel of letters he had kept. Sekhomi did not know what might happen to him if he kept them, now that Mr. Moffat himself had come, so he very quickly gave up the letters, and the messenger brought them to Mr. Moffat.

Mr. Moffat had not expected, when he made up that parcel, to open it again; but now he sat down in the wagon and began to look over the old letters. While he was thus employed, a queer, dark, short, little man peeped in at him. It was Sekhomi

himself. He supposed Mr. Moffat would not now be displeased, and so had come to see him. But he was not at all sorry for the wrong he had done, and only laughed at everything Mr. Moffat said.

You will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Moffat did not remain in the Bamanguato country any longer than he was obliged, but made all haste to his friend Moselekatse.

It was a very difficult and troublesome journey. There was no road from Sekhomi's land to that of Moselekatse, and the travellers knew nothing about the way. They had hoped that some of the Bamanguato people would have gone with them as guides, but Sekhomi forbade any one to tell the way, and was pleased to think of the difficulties and dangers that would have to be overcome without help.

You have heard a good deal about the troubles of journeying in Africa, so I tell you no more about them now. At last the country of the Matebele was safely reached, and from the joy shown by the people Mr. Moffat felt sure that their king, Moselekatse, was still his friend.

It appears very strange that so bad and selfish a man as Moselekatse should show the love and respect for Mr. Moffat that he did and still does. "The evil bow before the good; and the wicked at the gates of the righteous." Solomon said that many hundred years ago, so it cannot be a new thing for bad men to respect the good. Indeed,

every day we may see the same thing happen in England if only we notice.

Do you remember the grand and rather alarming reception which king Moselekatse gave to Mr. Moffat on his first visit? There was no show of warriors now. Poor Moselekatse was ill, too ill to enjoy any splendour, or even to admire very much the wagon Mr. Moffat had brought for him. He had the dropsy in his feet and legs; and they were so swollen and weak that he could not walk, not even move himself across the floor.

There he sat on a kaross, quite helpless. He held out his hand to Mr. Moffat, but he did not speak. He hid his face in his cloak and wept. For some time he could not even look at his old friend.

At last he began repeating Mr. Moffat's name. "Moshete, Moshete," he said, "surely I am only dreaming that you are Moshete." Moselekatse always called Mr. Moffat "Moshete."

"Yes," Mr. Moffat answered, "it is true. God has spared us both, and brought me here to see you again before I die."

"Your God has sent you to help me, and heal me," said the poor king.

This was true. Mr. Moffat gave Moselekatse some medicine, which in course of time made him better. He also persuaded him to leave off drinking beer while he was ill. So, by means of the medicine and less beer, he recovered so much as to be able to move about a little.

Moselekatse wished very much that Mr. Moffat would stop with him always; and yet he would not allow the missionary to teach or preach to his people. Mr. Moffat did remain for a month, but, as his object was to forward letters and supplies to Dr. Livingstone, he was all the while wishing to get on. The king put every possible obstacle in his way, but found his friend so resolved upon doing what he intended that the only resource was to go with him, as he did not wish to be separated from his dear Moshete.

Accordingly, on the day that Mr. Moffat started, Moselekatse appeared, and, without asking permission, told his men to help him into the wagon to Moshete. A number of parcels were put in after the king, but Mr. Moffat did not take very much notice of this; he thought perhaps the king wished to go and see some of his wives at the next town; he never imagined that he intended to go all the way with him.

Moselekatse's own new wagon followed, but he preferred Mr. Moffat's and made himself quite at home, taking possession even of the bed.

As the wagons did not move very fast, it was easy for those on foot to keep up with them. Moselekatse, being king, had a large number of walking attendants. There were in the crowd many of his principal men, twenty women carrying large calabashes of beer on their heads, and others carrying karosses and food.

As soon as the wagons halted for the night, these people set to work and made green booths with boughs of trees. There are plenty of trees in this part of the country. When the booths were made (and they did not take long), fires were lighted, two oxen were killed, cut up, cooked, and eaten, amid much chattering, laughing, and merry-making.

The want of roads made the travelling very unpleasant to the poor king. He could walk but little, and as the wagon jolted over the large stones, or tilted backwards, forwards, and sideways, over the uneven ground, he was unmercifully tumbled about and bruised. Mr. Moffat assured him it was all good for his health; and very likely it was. I rather wonder he did not go back and stay quietly in his royal hut, but he preferred remaining with the missionary.

Moselekatse could not read at all, he did not know even his letters, yet he liked looking into books. He had been told that white men obtained their knowledge from books, and he tried hard to find some knowledge for himself in them. He thought books were all God's writing, because he had been told of one that God had given to man. While in Mr. Moffat's wagon he spent many hours looking into those which the missionary had with him. They consisted of some old magazines, and one volume with pictures in it. He would turn over the leaves with the hope of dis-

covering some knowledge, and was quite delighted and proud to find that he understood ome of the pictures,—a picture of a parasol, for instance, which was on the cover of one of the magazines. Poor Moselekatse! Though a man, you see he is more ignorant about some things than a very small English child.

But at last the travelling was brought to a sudden stop. Some men had been sent forward to find water. They brought back word that it would take the oxen four days to reach the next supply of water, and that that water was in a part of country infested with the Tsétse.

"Tsétse!" you exclaim; "what are they—robbers?"

No, worse; they are murderers. And it has been found impossible for a party like the one of which you are reading to get safely through a country unhurt by them.

You would fight, and kill all these murderers, would you not? And you wonder that Moselekatse and his brave warriors had not destroyed them long ago.

Let me explain. A gnat settles on your arm and stings you. You kill it in return for its sting. That was very easy. But can you kill all the gnats that are flying about in the shade of the trees, and so be sure a gnat will never sting you again? No. And just so impossible is it to kill the tsétse. It is only a fly, a little larger than

the fly you took so carefully out of the milk-jug one morning. Only a little larger than those flies which dance so merrily up and down under the chandelier all the summer long. But then—the mischief that it does!

No horse, nor dog, nor ox is safe where this fly is. It comes with a buzzing noise and settles upon the poor animal. The animal is not startled; it does not seem hurt; it does not even notice its enemy. The fly comes, and pierces the skin with its three-pronged proboscis, and goes buzzing away again. But the animal will die. It eats still. It walks still. But it gets thinner and thinner; it looks ill; it grows weak. Day after day it gets worse and worse, until it staggers, and falls, and dies.

Now it is very remarkable that if this fly bites a man, the man is only stung as he would be by a gnat; he is not made ill; he does not die. And if the wild beasts are bitten they do not suffer. The tsétse is the murderer of horses, oxen, and dogs.

Well, if there were tsétse flying about in front it was no use to take on the wagons; for the oxen would all be killed.

But Dr. Livingstone's supplies, how were they ever to reach him?

Mr. Moffat went to Moselekatse and said: "If you will allow me to take some of your men to help carry the things, I will walk to Linyanti with them."

"If you go," answered Moselekatse, "I will go too. I cannot walk; more men must go, and they shall carry me, that I may remain with you."

"Well," said Mr. Moffat, "if you will give me enough men to carry all Dr. Livingstone's goods to Linyanti, I and my men will return with you."

To this arrangement the king willingly agreed. The goods were made up into seventeen packages, and these packages were carried away by seventeen of Moselekatse's men; each being laden besides with a shield, a spear, and some food.

Linyanti was in the country of the Makololo; and these people were enemies of the Matebele; which made it a greater kindness for the men to venture with their loads.

Mr. Moffat thanked the king much for sending the men, but said he wished him to be still more kind. He could not feel satisfied or happy without telling the Matebele the glad tidings of the Gospel.

Moselekatse made no answer then; but a few days after, as the wagons were returning to the royal city, the king sent his chief, Manyeba, with a message to the missionary. This is the message Manyeba brought—

"The king is convinced that the Word of God is a good thing. He looks upon you as his father, on account of your kindness and wisdom. You must command, and he will tell his people to hear

you. He is ashamed and afraid, because he has made you sorry."

What a pleasant message to one who wished, above all things, to serve God. Many times Mr. Moffat had prayed for this permission to preach to the Matebele; now it was granted. Without loss of time he began to instruct the people. As soon as they came to a village, the good missionary sent word to the king that he wished the people called, in order that he might preach to them. Moselekatse ordered everybody to go and listen, and he himself went to hear what was said. He must have heard many things which were very unpleasant, for Mr. Moffat said just what he knew was true, not what would please the king. He remembered the "King of kings," and thought first of pleasing Him. Therefore, he told the king and all the people, that it was wrong to lie, or steal, or kill; wrong to keep slaves; wrong to marry more wives than one.

Now, some people when they are told of things that are wrong, never say to themselves, "Do I do that wrong thing?" They say instead, "I hope my neighbour sees how wicked he is and will be ashamed of himself." This is something the way in which poor king Moselekatse listened; he nodded his head, and looked as though he wished every one to hear how wicked they were; but he never seemed to think about himself, nor his four hundred wives, nor his many slaves, nor the things

he had stolen, the men he had killed, and the lies he had told.

Mr. Moffat preached many times before he left Moselekatse, because he waited for the return of the men who had taken the packages for Dr. Livingstone to Linyanti. The king always listened, and was never offended at what he heard; but nothing seemed to make very much impression upon him. He did not become a Christian as Sechele did; he did not send away his hundreds of wives, nor set his slaves free. Yet his people say, and Mr. Moffat says that, though still a dreadful tyrant, he has been kinder and more merciful ever since this visit was paid to him.

The messengers to Linyanti returned, and the time arrived for Mr. Moffat to leave. Moselekatse, as usual, put all kinds of hindrances in his way, and, as usual, found Mr. Moffat determined. He wished to give his friend a great quantity of ivory as a present, but Mr. Moffat refused to take it; he would only accept enough to pay the expenses of his long journey.

If Mr. Moffat's object had been to grow rich, he might easily have done so, for the king would have given him as much ivory as he liked, which he might have sold to traders. But growing rich would not have helped on his missionary work; Moselekatse would not have believed what Mr. Moffat said, if he had not found he meant it with all his heart, and did not wish to be paid. Yes,

Robert Moffat might have been a rich man now, with land and houses all his own, if he had not given up everything for Christ's sake.

Once when Jesus was on earth Peter came to Him and said, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?" And Jesus answered, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

You see from this that Jesus will give to Mr. Moffat, and to all who serve Him faithfully, much more—a hundred times more than they give up for Him—and everlasting life. I do not mean you to think that Mr. Moffat will receive a great deal more ivory than Moselekatse would have given him. Jesus can repay in a great many ways.

Mr. Moffat became very unwell, which grieved the king. He ordered an escort of men to go with him for the first hundred and fifty miles, and six of these men were to go on until they could return and say that Moshete was quite well again.

Moselekatse himself went with the wagons for some distance, and then, with great reluctance, said "Good bye." He took Mr. Moffat's hand at parting, and said with emphasis, "May God take care of you on the road, and bring you safe to Kuruman

and to Ma-Mary.* Tell her how glad I am that I have seen you."

God did take care of Mr. Moffat and brought him safely home. Soon after, he heard that Dr. Livingstone was safe, and would before long reach Linyanti, where the letters and supplies were waiting for him.

* *Ma-Mary*, (Mrs. Moffat). The natives had called her by this name ever since her eldest daughter, Mary, was born. It means, the mother of Mary. All the mammas among the South African tribes are called by the names of their eldest children.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DR. LIVINGSTONE RETURNS TO ENGLAND. MORE MISSIONARIES SENT TO AFRICA.

BEFORE he reached Linyanti, Dr. Livingstone heard that a party of Moselekatse's men had brought some packages of goods for him. He heard, too, that the Makololo were very much puzzled about the things. They could not believe that Mr. Moffat had sent them, but thought it was some trick of their enemies, and that there must be witchcraft in the parcels.

When the seventeen Matebele messengers arrived at the river which divided them from the Makololo, they called to the people on the other side to bring canoes, and fetch the goods sent by Moshete for "Nake," as they called Dr. Livingstone.

Instead of bringing the canoes, the Makololo shouted across the river, "Go along with you; we know better than that. How could Nake tell Moshete to send his things here? He is gone away to the north."

The Matebele answered, "Here are the goods: we place them now before you; and if you leave them to spoil, the guilt will be yours." Having

said this, the men put down their packages, and turned away homewards.

When the men were gone, the people on the other side of the river felt themselves in great difficulty. Suppose the packages did really contain things sent from Moshete to Nake, how angry they would be if they were spoilt! They were very much afraid of these good men. Suppose the packages contained witchcraft medicine, what dreadful things might happen! They dared not leave the packages; they dared not bring them to their kraal.

At last, in fear and trembling, they crossed the stream with their canoes, and carried the mysterious parcels to a little island in the middle of the river. Here they put them, and built a hut over them to protect them from the weather. Here the parcels were left, and the men returned safely to the shore, happy, no doubt, to have accomplished their work without having been bewitched.

On the little island in the middle of the river the parcels remained untouched for a whole year; and at the end of that time Dr. Livingstone arrived and opened them. The news contained in the letters was by this time very old; yet Dr. Livingstone must have found great pleasure in them, and have felt very grateful to his father-in-law for all the trouble he had taken.

At the end of the next year (which was the year 1856), Dr. Livingstone arrived in England.

How long ago was that? Not very long; yet, perhaps, you do not remember his coming, and how much people here thought and talked of him and his discoveries. His wife and children and all his relations must have been very glad to see him again. If I had been one of his children I should have felt not only glad, but proud; for who would not be proud to have such a man for their father—a man who had worked so perseveringly, and in spite of so many difficulties, as Dr. Livingstone!

Large meetings assembled to see Dr. Livingstone, and to hear him speak of his discoveries. He was invited to grand dinners, and had many polite speeches and kind presents made to him. He wrote a book with the account of his travels; and many thousands of people bought and read it. Very likely you have looked at the pictures in the book, and have listened to some of the stories it contains.

The gentlemen who managed the London Missionary Society, when they heard so much about the Matebele and Makololo and other tribes in the interior of South Africa, began to think seriously that it was their duty to send missionaries to these tribes. Every man and woman and child of those tribes had souls which would live for ever; but none of them were calling on the name of the Lord. The Bible says, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." These gen-

tlemen recollected that this was in the Bible, and they recollected what comes directly after it—"How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Of course, any one who loved God, and heard of these tribes who did not know Him, would, when they read this passage from God's word, say, "We must send preachers." Many Christian people were willing to help in sending preachers or missionaries to these tribes. Money was sent to the Missionary Society to pay for their passage out—to pay for the food and clothing, and other things that would be wanted by missionaries who were to settle in unknown heathen lands.

Dr. Livingstone intended to return to Africa almost directly, and he said that Sekeletu, the chief of the Makololo, would be glad to receive Christian teachers. He said he was quite willing to do all in his power to help. He could not go with the missionaries, because they could not start as soon as he wished to go; but he would try to meet them in the Makololo country. He said, too, that they had better go to the north of the river Zambesi, instead of settling at Linyanti, because the north side of the river was higher and more healthy.

Letters were written to Mr. Moffat about missionaries to the Matebele. He was asked whether

he could go to Moselekatse with them, and stay a few months until they were settled. Mr. Moffat sent an answer to England, saying he felt sure that Moselekatse would be very glad to have missionaries living in his country, if he were still alive. He would pay a visit to the Matebele, and ask for some land for the missionaries, on which they might build houses, schoolrooms, and chapels, and cultivate gardens.

Mr. Moffat found Moselekatse alive, but very ill. The king was delighted to see him, and so were his subjects; for they said that every visit Moshete had paid their king had made him govern them better than before, especially the last one.

Moselekatse promised a piece of land for the Mission-station, and heard again the good news of Jesus' love. He was getting older and more and more ill. Mr. Moffat, too, was getting old: the good missionary wanted very much to see the king a Christian. He told Moselekatse that he should not have come to see him again, if it had not been for his great wish to see Jesus honoured and worshipped.

"I have been working among the heathen for forty years," said Mr. Moffat. "These long journeys are toilsome now, and I should never have come to see you again but for the hope of seeing you and your people Christians before I die—before I die, and go to heaven to live and rest with Jesus for ever."

Moselekatse stared, his wives stared, his nobles stared. "You die!" they exclaimed. "You are young; you will not die."

This they said, because they wished to be polite and pleasant. They did not understand how any one could look forward to death, and still feel happy and joyful.

After his return from Moselekatse, Mr. Moffat went to the Cape. By this time the new missionaries were on their way from England, and he went to meet them at the Cape.

While Mr. Moffat was away from home a party of Boers attacked Kuruman. They killed many men, carried away numbers of women and children, took the cattle, destroyed the corn, and did immense mischief. Their object was to drive the missionaries out of the country altogether. They thought if the missionaries were all gone there would be no one to help the natives, and then they would be easily conquered and killed.

But just as the wicked Boers were trying to get rid of all the missionaries, there were more coming out. They arrived at the Cape just about the time that the Boers attacked Kuruman, and before long were all on their way there.

It is always pleasant to hear of kindness, so you shall hear of one kind thing that was done by a Christian man at the Cape. Mrs. Helmore, one of the missionaries' wives, had with her four little

children. When all the provision for the journey was made, some one thought that there was not in the wagons sufficient food proper for children. This was mentioned to a Christian gentleman named Captain Murison. He was sorry to hear it, and therefore sent for the little children some cases of preserved meat and soups, which were stowed into the wagons amongst the other things.

We can never tell how much good a little kindness may do. Mrs. Helmore believed afterwards that if it had not been for those meats and soups her little children would have died.

The whole party arrived safely at Kuruman; but here the Boers stopped them. They did not wish missionaries to settle among either the Makololo or Matebele, and declared none should go. The difficulty was not settled until Sir George Grey, the Governor of the Cape, interfered, and said that the Boers were to allow the missionaries to pass.

And now there are two parties of missionaries starting from Kuruman—one to the Makololo, one to Matebele. With which shall we go first?

In one party were Mr. and Mrs. Helmore and their children; Mr. and Mrs. Price, and Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. In the other, Mr. Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. John Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Sykes.

Let us go first with the missionaries to the Makololo.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSION TO THE MAKOLOLO.

It was in the month of July, 1859, that Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Price, with the children, wagons, wagon drivers, oxen and sheep set out from Kuruman for the country of the Makololo. Mrs Mackenzie was ill, and could not go, so her husband stayed behind with her, intending to follow as soon as his wife was better.

This large missionary party proceeded slowly on their way for many a long and weary mile. The very quickest African journey from Kuruman to Linyanti occupied no less than seventy days, and it is impossible always to do it in even that time. The river Zouga was safely crossed; and oxen, sheep, men, and wagons, arrived at Kama-Kama. But here trouble began.

There were still three hundred miles lying between them and the Makololo people, and in all that distance there was not a pool or spring of water to be depended upon. If it rained, water might be procured. If no showers fell, ponds and streams would be found dried up by the sun's heat.

With many prayers for help and support, the

travellers urged their oxen on into this desert. For three days they travelled and found nothing but the beds of pools, dry, quite dry. The little water that they could carry in the wagons was not enough to supply both men and oxen. The oxen were tired and exhausted; they would not be able to go much further without water. The children were feverish and fretful, for the heat was intense, and their mother could not give them as much water as they wished for.

The only chance of saving life was to turn back, and again to seek the pools left behind. But, as with renewed hope, the travellers approached the places at which they had lately left water, they found the shallow ponds already dry.

How thirsty those missionaries were we cannot understand. There were still a few bottles of water in the wagons; but these were cherished as great treasures, only to be used to save their lives.

One of these weary days, while the oxen were resting, Mr. and Mrs. Helmore went to Mr. Price's wagon, and sat down in front of it. There was a chest taken from the wagon to serve either as a chair or a table, and on the chest was spilt *a drop of water*. Even it was precious; and Mr. Helmore, when he saw it, said, "Will you spare me that drop of water? I am so thirsty." Of course, Mr. Price gave the drop willingly; and, more than that, he kindly went into the wagon, and brought out a

bottleful, and offered it to his friends. That water was more precious to him than gold or diamonds: it was true generosity which made him give it away.

As the object now was to reach water as quickly as possible, the wagons did not keep together, but all pressed on as fast as they could; and the one which reached water first would send some back to the others by the men.

Mrs. Helmore wrote a letter from this wilderness to her sister; and as that will tell better than anything I could write what the missionaries suffered, I will copy part of it for you.

"The last stage of our journey has been, without exception, the most trying time of travelling I have experienced in Africa.

"We are now within the tropics, and, on a journey, we are more exposed than in a house; the heat during the day is intense—102 degrees in the shade—and often affects me with faintness and giddiness; but the early mornings are still pleasantly cool.

"We may expect rain this month, and are longing for it, as those only can long who have travelled through a dry and parched wilderness where no water is. Our poor oxen were at one time four days, and at another time five days without drink. It was quite painful to see how tame they were rendered by thirst. They crowded

round the wagon, licking the water-casks, and putting their noses down to the dishes and basins, and then looking up to our faces, as if asking for water.

"We suffered very much ourselves from thirst, being obliged to economize the little we had in our vessels not knowing when we should get more. We had guides; but they either could not or would not give us any information.

"Tuesday, the 6th instant, (September, 1859), was one of the most painful days I ever passed. About sunrise the poor oxen, which had been painfully dragging the heavy wagons through the deep sand during the night, stopping now and then to draw breath, gave signs of giving up altogether. We had not gone as many miles as we had travelled hours.

"My husband now resolved to remain behind with one wagon and a single man, thinking that we should certainly reach water by night. We had had a very scanty supply the day before; the men had not tasted drink since breakfast until late in the evening—we divided a bottleful among four of them. There now remained five bottles of water. I gave my husband three, and reserved two for the children, expecting that we should get water first. It was a sorrowful parting, for we were all faint from thirst, and, of course, eating was out of the question. We were afraid even to do anything, lest exercise should aggravate our

thirst. After dragging slowly on for four hours, the heat obliged us to stop.

"The poor children continually asked for water. I put them off as long as I could, and, when they could be denied no longer, doled the precious fluid out, a spoonful at a time to each of them.

"Poor Selina and Henry cried bitterly. Willie bore up manfully, but his sunken eyes showed how much he suffered. Occasionally I observed a convulsive twitching of his features showing what an effort he was making to restrain his feelings. As for dear Lizzie, she did not utter a word of complaint, nor even ask for water, but lay on the ground all day, perfectly quiet, her lips quite parched and blackened. I gave them a little dried fruit, slightly acid, in the middle of the day; but thirst took away all desire to eat.

"Once, in the course of the afternoon, dear Willie, after a desperate effort not to cry, suddenly asked me if he might go and drain the bottles. Of course I consented, and presently he called out to me, with much eagerness, that he had found some. Poor little fellow! it must have been little indeed; for his sister Selina had drained them already. Soon after, he called out that he had found another bottle of water. You can imagine the disappointment when I told him it was cocoa-nut oil melted by the heat.

"About sunset we made another attempt, and got on about five miles. The people then proposed

going on with the oxen in search of water, promising to return with a supply to the wagon. But I urged their resting a little and then making another attempt, hoping that we might possibly get near enough to walk on to it. They yielded, tied up the poor oxen to prevent their wandering, and lay down to sleep having tasted neither food nor drink all day. None of us could eat.

"The water was long since gone, and as a last resource just before dark I divided among the children half a tea-cupful of wine and water, which I had reserved in case I should feel faint. They were revived by it, and said how nice it was, though it scarcely allayed their thirst. Henry at length cried himself to sleep, and the rest were dozing feverishly.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the air hot and sultry. I sat in front of the wagon, unable to sleep, hoping that water might arrive before the children woke on another day. About half-past ten I saw some persons approaching; they proved to be two Bakalari bringing a tin can *half full of water* and a note from Mrs. Price saying, that having heard from the man we had sent forward of the trouble we were in, and being themselves not very far from the water, *they had sent us all they had.*

"The sound of water soon roused the children, who had tried in vain to sleep; and I shall not soon forget the rush they made to get a drink.

There was not much, but enough for the present. I gave each of the children and men a cupful, and then drank myself; it was the first liquid that had entered my lips for more than twenty-four hours; and I had eaten nothing.

"The Bakalari passed on after depositing the precious treasure, saying that though they had brought me water, they had none for themselves. They were merely passing travellers. All now slept comfortably excepting myself: my mind had been too much excited for sleep. And now a fresh disturbance arose; the poor oxen had smelt the water, and became very troublesome; the loose cattle crowding about the wagon licking and snuffing, and pushing their noses towards me, as if begging for water.

"At two o'clock I aroused the men, telling them that if we were to make another attempt to reach water no time was to be lost. They were tired and faint, and very unwilling to move, but at last they got up, and began to unloose the oxen, and drive them off without the wagon. I remonstrated, but in vain; they had lost all spirit. I was obliged to let them go, but they assured me I should have water sent as quickly as possible, and the cattle should be brought back again after they had drunk. They knew no more than I did the distance to the water.

"I felt anxious at their leaving us, at the thought of perhaps spending another day like the

past; but they had not been gone more than half an hour, when I saw in the bright moonlight a figure coming along the road. At first I could not make it out—it looked so tall; but on coming nearer, who should it prove to be but my servant girl Kionecoe, eighteen years of age, carrying on her head an immense calabash holding about a pailful of water. On hearing of our distress she volunteered to help us. She had walked four hours.

"A young man had set out with her, but he had driven on the sheep the day before, a great distance, without either food or water, and became so exhausted that he lay down under a bush to rest; and on she came alone, in the dead of night, in a strange country infested with lions, bearing her precious burden!

"Oh, how grateful I felt to her! Surely woman is the same all the world over! She had only lived with me since June, was but an indifferent servant, and had never shown any particular attachment to the children. But this kind act revealed her heart, and it seemed to draw us more closely together, for her conduct since then has been excellent.

"I made a bed for the girl beside me in the forepart of the wagon; and the children having slaked their thirst with the deliciously cool water, we all slept till six o'clock.

"Then I made coffee, and offered some to Kionecoe and the young man who had come up. At

first they declined it, saying the water was for me and the children. I had now the happiness of seeing the children enjoy a meal of tea and biscuits; and then, once more filling up my two bottles, I sent the calabash with the remainder of its contents to my husband, who by this time stood greatly in need of it. The distance was about twelve miles. I afterwards found we were about the same distance from the water.

"Another hot day had now commenced, and I had still only the two bottles of water; so, thinking employment the best thing for the children, I made them take off their shoes and stockings, and outer garments, and sit upon the bed, and I gave them a bag of buttons to assort and string.

"About noon, a horseman drove up, leading a second horse, with two water casks and a tin canteen on his back. This was a supply for Mr. Helmore, sent by our kind fellow-travellers Captain and Mrs. Thompson, who had heard of our distresses from the Prices. The man said that an ox was coming with a supply for me; but I begged for a little from the tin to make coffee, promising to make it good when my supply arrived. While we were preparing the coffee up came the pack-ox sent by Mr. Price with two water-casks for me, and soon after some Bakalari arrived with a calabash. We had now an abundant supply, and my heart overflowed with gratitude to our Father in heaven, who had watched over me and mine as

over Hagar of old, and sent us relief. I related that and other instances of God's care to the children the day before, and exhorted them to pray to their heavenly Father, and rest assured that He would send us help; they now referred to the subject, saying, 'it was just as I said.' I could not but wish that the simple experience they had now had might prove a valuable lesson through life. We could now wash our faces and hands, a luxury we had not enjoyed since Sunday."

A very sad letter, is it not? Poor little children! How different was that bright summer time to you!

Some months passed after this letter was received, and nothing more was heard of these missionaries. It was hoped that they were safe and well, and that it was only on account of the great difficulty of sending letters for 1,000 miles, through a country in which there were no post offices or postmen, that no news had been received.

At last messengers brought letters to Kuruman, and from thence they were forwarded to England. The travellers, after many many difficulties and troubles, had reached Linyanti in February, 1860, having been seven months on their weary way of 1,000 miles. Linyanti is the place at which Sekeletu, the Makololo chief lives.

Nothing had been seen or heard of Dr. Livingstone, and the king was himself out hunting. However, the day after the missionaries arrived, a

fine fat ox was sent to them as a present, and on the day following came Sekeletu himself with immense numbers of his men.

The king was not unkind, but told the missionaries that he wished them to stop at Linyanti with him. This, however, was, I am afraid, not from any love to the missionaries, but from a desire to possess some of the things he saw packed away in the wagons.

The missionaries knew Linyanti was an unhealthy place, and wished much to go over the river on to higher ground, as Dr. Livingstone had said would be best. But there was no Dr. Livingstone to arrange matters, and Sekeletu would not permit the wagons to be moved, nor even point out at Linyanti any fit place for the missionaries to live in.

The missionaries finding they could not move away, stopped where they were, and very wisely did not waste time, or do harm by grumbling and quarrelling about it. They built houses in which to live for the present. Not very strong or substantial ones, indeed; that would not have been wise, as they hoped directly Dr. Livingstone arrived that they should be able to remove.

Dr. Livingstone is very clever in inducing the African chiefs to do what he wishes done, and therefore Mr. Helmore and Mr. Price longed to see him. But all in vain; Dr. Livingstone did not come. The missionaries began to preach to the

people; but I am afraid the Makololo paid little attention to what they heard, for their behaviour afterwards was not such as we expect from those who have heard what is right. Mr. Helmore had been a missionary in Africa for many years, and knew the Sechuana language well, so that he had at once the satisfaction of being able to speak to Sekeletu and his subjects.

The missionaries preached and prayed and waited. They waited for Dr. Livingstone and a pleasanter home. He was travelling to them as fast as he could, but a terrible enemy was coming faster.

There in Linyanti, among the dank weeds which the dark river washed among the oozy mud on its low banks, among the thick, overgrown swamps around, this enemy was already lurking. It was the "pestilence that walketh in darkness." It was upon them before they knew of its approach. They were overcome by it before they saw it. Mr. and Mrs. Helmore, the four little children, and all the servants were, in a few days, lying on their beds unable to rise, delirious and restless, or unconscious with fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Price were also very ill, but they could still crawl about, and wait upon their friends and their own little sick baby, who had been born since they left Kuruman.

The first who died was little Henry. He had been lying on the same bed as his brothers and sisters outside the tent door, and their mother was

by their side, with her head resting on a cushion. So they had been lying all day; and when evening came, one by one they dropped asleep. Mr. Price went to them before going to sleep himself, to see if he could do anything to make them more comfortable. There was the sick mother sunk to rest, there were the four sick children lying asleep and unwatched that dark night in the open air, unwatched, except by their heavenly Father and His holy angels. They were safe, indeed, though it did not seem so.

Mr. Price looked at each little suffering, sleeping face; he put his hand on each little feverish forehead, Selina's, Willie's, Lizzie's, Henry's. But Henry's brow did not feel hot like the others, it was cold. Little Henry was not asleep as his brother and sisters were; the angels who had been watching had carried his spirit up to heaven, and he was asleep as Lazarus was when Jesus said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Mr. Price lifted the little body from the bed, and covered it up in the tent. The next day Henry was laid in a grave to rest, and wait until Jesus comes to wake him from his sleep.

Mrs. Helmore was so very ill, that she took no notice when told that her precious boy was dead. In a very few days she and Selina were laid by his side. Mrs. Price's little baby also died, and several men who had gone with the missionaries as servants.

Lizzie and Willie recovered, and Mr. Helmore grew better, and hoped still to continue his work. But one day, when he thought himself well enough, he paid a visit to Sekeletu, and returned very tired and ill. From this second illness there was no recovery. Gradually this faithful missionary grew worse and worse until he too fell asleep in Jesus.

It was a forlorn little company that Mr. Helmore left behind. There were his two orphan children, Mrs. Price, who in consequence of her illness had lost the use of her feet, and Mr. Price weak and ill, and overpowered with grief. Mr. Helmore had begged his friend to take Willie and Lizzie to the Cape, and see them safe into a ship which would carry them across the great ocean to their friends in England. Indeed, what could any of them do except try and reach some friends? Mr. and Mrs. Price were too ill to remain in such a country as Sekeletu's with any hope of living; and they could do no good as missionaries unless they were well.

Immediately, Mr. Price began to prepare for returning to Kuruman. Mrs. Price could not help at all, and her husband was too weak to walk alone. Yet he must do everything that had to be done. He found some one to carry or lead him from box to box; and if he worked for an hour or two one day it fatigued him so much that he was obliged to rest two whole days to recover sufficiently to do anything more.

It was nearly a month before the wagons were

ready to begin their journey back. During all this time the Makololo had watched the preparations, and had stolen whatever they could from the poor weak missionary. One day he had taken off his clothes and lay down in his bed, when a man walked up and carried away the clothes which he had just taken off. But when Mr. Price was ready to start, and had found men willing to drive the oxen, Sekeletu came, and without even asking permission, took possession of Mr. Helmore's wagon and everything packed in it. Then the guns and ammunition, the tents and many other things, he sent men to carry away. The savage king knew that Mr. Helmore could make no resistance.

These people were so wicked that it is surprising they did not kill Mr. Price, it would have been easy to do so. Perhaps they were afraid that Dr. Livingstone or Mr. Moffat would hear of it if they did, and imagined that these good men might punish them in some awful way.

I am sure they wished Mr. Price to die, that they might take all his things. One day after Sekeletu had stolen all that I have told you of, a messenger came to Mr. Price—saying that the king would have more goods before he allowed him to leave Linyanti. Mr. Price was lying on the ground, so ill that he could hardly move. When he heard the message of the covetous, cruel king, he answered, "If you do not let me go soon, you will have to bury us by the others."

"Well," replied the man, "you must die somewhere, it may as well be here."

At last the Makololo allowed Mr. Price to depart. Sekeletu himself accompanied him, riding in Mr. Helmore's wagon. He went only to get still more of the missionary's property.

There was a river to be crossed not far from the town. All the packages were taken from the wagons and carried by men over the river lest they should be wetted. The packages and Mr. and Mrs. Price, with the children, were on one side of the river, Sekeletu and the wagons on the other. The king told Mr. Price that he would not permit the wagons to cross until everything that had belonged to Mr. Helmore was given up. It was quite necessary to have a wagon, so there was nothing to be done but give up the remainder of Mr. Helmore's things, as well as three cows and some oxen.

At the next river, Sekeletu behaved still worse. He said he would have all Mr. Price's things before he allowed him to have the wagons over. The poor man begged hard to have a few comforts left for his sick wife and the two orphan children; and at last the king consented to his keeping a kaross for the children to sleep upon, bed clothes for Mrs. Price, and just sufficient garments to cover them. All the corn which had been provided for the drivers, and all the oxen and cows which were to supply them with food were taken away.

And now that Sekeletu had robbed the missionary of almost everything, he turned back with his spoils and left Mr. Price, with his sick wife, and Willie, and Lizzie, to travel the 1,000 miles back to Kuruman, or to die of want; he did not care which.

You do not wonder that Mrs. Price soon died. Her husband dug her grave under a large tree standing alone upon a wide plain, and buried her there. It had been very painful to watch her suffer as she had done; but now that she was taken away, although it was to a land where there is no more pain, Mr. Price could not help grieving; he felt left quite alone. It was impossible to travel so far as Kuruman; he took shelter among the Baumangwato, and there waited for help.

Do you believe that the great and good God in heaven sees what takes place on this earth of his? I do. I believe that God sees what I am doing now; and I believe that God saw the sufferings of his servants at Linyanti, that he saw them sicken and die, that He marked Sekeletu's covetous and thieving behaviour, and Mr. and Mrs. Price and the children in the empty wagon. He saw the grave dug under that lonely spreading tree. Ah, more than this, the great God, who sees the end from the beginning, had from the first provided help for those of this sad party whom he did not take to their heavenly home.

You remember that Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie

had been detained at Kuruman. Mrs. Mackenzie had recovered, and at the very time that Mr. Price was being carried from box to box and from wagon to wagon, slowly packing up, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie were also packing up and starting on their way to the Makololo.

They knew nothing about the sad things which had been happening at Linyanti, but hoped to find their friends all safe, and well, and happy. An old Bushman was the first person who told them of the disasters which had befallen the missionaries. Now the Bushmen are not very truthful, and this once Mr. Mackenzie hoped with all his heart that what the Bushman had told him might not prove to be true.

But one day, as the oxen were moving along the banks of a river, a party of men came up and stopped the first wagon. Mr. Mackenzie went forward to inquire why this was done.

The men said, "Our chief has sent us with boats to carry you and your goods over the river."

"I do not wish to go over the river," answered the missionary, "I am not going to see your chief."

"But," replied the men, "we have brought the white man with us,—your brother."

Mr. Mackenzie answered, "Where is he then? If you have the white man with you, why do you come without him?"

"Because he is sick and tired, he remained in the boat," said the men.

Still Mr. Mackenzie could not believe. "I will go on just as I intended," he said. "If you really have the white man bring him to the ford, where we shall sleep to night and rest to morrow."

The men turned away, and Mr. Mackenzie went on, but with a very heavy heart.

Was he to believe this story? Would the natives bring this sick white man? Were all the others really dead? As he walked on, thus sadly thinking, suddenly a driver exclaimed, "It is he." Mr. Mackenzie sprang towards the trees among which he saw some one—a white man—approaching. It was Mr. Price. They grasped each other by the hand, but neither of them could speak.

Do you wonder that many bitter tears were shed that evening under the trees which grow on that far off river's bank? There was very much to make them all sad, and there was much likewise to make them all thankful.

Dr. Livingstone arrived at Linyanti not long after the departure of Mr. Price. This was too late to do any good; but he, too, had been suffering from fever. Perhaps he would have hastened had he known how very much he was wanted, for he had some medicine which would cure the fever, and he could have prevented Sekeletu stealing Mr. Price's property. But he did not know what was happening at Linyanti, how could he?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MISSION TO THE MATEBELE—CONCLUSION.

Let us now return to Kuruman, and go back to the time when Mr. and Mrs. Helmore's party started for the Makololo country.

At the same time, as you have heard, other wagons were prepared, other goods packed up, other missionaries and their wives left Kuruman. They were going to the Matebele, to Moselekatse, and Mr. Moffat was going with them as their leader.

What a busy time it must have been at Kuruman! How full of work, and prayer, and hope! Some of the hopes, you know, were disappointed, some of the prayers, you know, were not answered as the missionaries hoped they might be.

Now let us follow the other party and their six wagons. On, on, on trudged the oxen, resting by night and journeying by day, until they all arrived within the Matebele country, and about forty miles from the king's residence. By this time the oxen were sickening of a disease which sometimes spreads fearfully among cattle in Africa,

and which carries off immense numbers of them. Mr. Moffat did not like to take his sick animals among the vast herds of Moselekatse. He sent a messenger forward to the king, to say his oxen were ill and ought to come no further, and he could not proceed until more oxen were sent to take the place of his.

To show his delight at the missionaries' arrival, and to honour his friend, Moshete, Moselekatse ordered eighty of his warriors to go and drag the wagons to his presence. A strange idea, was it not? However, the warriors went, shields and spears and all, with a number of oxen to feed them on the way.

One day they spent in preparation, and the next, taking hold of the oxen's yokes, away they started. Up the hills, down the valleys, over streams, and bushes, and stones, and sometimes into holes out of which it was no easy matter to pull the wagons again. Still it was managed, and done cheerfully too, with a wild war song now and then to make the way easy.

They made but slow progress, however. The eighty warriors could not draw all the wagons at once, and so were obliged to take first three for a few miles, and then return for the other three.

Their spears and shields were hung up all over the outside of the wagons, and Mr. Moffat's wagon was adorned with about three times as many as either of the others.

One of the wagons much pleased the men; it had been brought for the king, and was much lighter to draw than those ordinarily used by African travellers.

This was the first time the Matebele people had seen a white woman, so doubtless Mrs. John Moffat and Mrs. Thomas were very much stared at. I dare say the ladies, too, looked with wondering eyes at their strange escort.

The travellers found the king at a small cattle outpost, where they were very graciously received. He promised soon to show them the piece of land on which they might settle, but put off doing so from day to day. Mr. Moffat, of course, was not pleased, and if he had not been very wise, most likely he and Moselekatse would have quarrelled. The fact was, that the king had heard of the way in which the Boers had been attacking and killing the Bechuanas; and some one had told him that as soon as teachers had gone to live with a tribe, the Boers always followed and conquered the people. This made the king rather unwilling to have missionaries in his country, and had it not been for Mr. Moffat's great skill, very likely they would all have had to go away again.

As it was, after a month's delay, Moselekatse sent some of his chiefs to conduct the missionaries to a piece of land which he had selected for them, and which he hoped they would like.

They would indeed have been hard to please

had not this land satisfied them. It was a beautiful valley, through which flowed a clear stream. The land on either side of the stream was covered with rich grass, and the hills around were well wooded. Plenty of water, plenty of grass, plenty of wood, a pure healthy air; could a pleasanter spot have been chosen for a new missionary station?

The missionaries told Moselekatse how pleased they were, and as soon as possible set about building houses.

Mr. Moffat remained for some months, assisting the missionaries and preaching to the people. The king wished him to remain altogether, but that could not be. His dear wife and daughters, his church and schools, his fellow-workers, and many converts at Kuruman, were waiting and longing for his return. Moselekatse begged him at least to take a large present of ivory, but this he refused, as he had always done before.

Mr. Moffat returned to Kuruman in safety, and soon after his arrival heard the sad intelligence of what had befallen the missionaries to the Makololo. This grieved him much. How different had been the lot of his companions! They had been joyfully received, kindly entertained, and preserved in health.

No very important news from the Matebele mission station has been received since Mr. Moffat's return. We hope that in that beautiful valley

many a heathen will hear the gospel preached and rejoice in its good tidings.

At Kuruman, too, all is peaceful and quiet now. Mr. Moffat has done much, very much, for the Bechuanas; we hope he may live to do much more. How different is the Kuruman station to the old Bechuana city, Lattakoo, to which Mr. Moffat went forty years before.

It is true the people are still poor, but poverty is not wrong unless caused by sin. At Kuruman it is caused by want of water, and it is not likely this want will ever be removed. The Kuruman river is not so full as it used to be; it is becoming slowly smaller and smaller, so that it is only by incessant toil the land is watered and cultivated.

But the rude huts, the savage manners, the ignorance, the dirt, the vice, where are they? Not quite gone, or Kuruman would be a little heaven upon earth. No, not gone, or there would be no need of teachers and missionaries any more; but there is a great change for the better. Mrs. Moffat is not likely to have anything thrown at her head in her own kitchen; the people do not tumble off the seats in the chapel, nor steal loaves from the missionaries' houses, nor try to drive their kind teachers away from them. Their time is not idled away as it once was. Their houses are more carefully built; their gardens and fields are cultivated; they have clothes to make, and books to read

All these occupations take up their time, and leave less for the mischief which Satan finds

"For idle hands to do."

But all this would be of little benefit, were the Bechuanas still ignorant of the great God our Father, and his Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit has given them this knowledge through means of the preaching and teaching of Mr. Moffat and the other missionaries. Many a dark-skinned Bechuana has died rejoicing in Christ; many at this moment, at Kuruman and in the country round, are living really Christian lives, that is, believing in Jesus and serving him.

Do you suppose Mr. Moffat is proud of what he has done? Many heathen kings are afraid of displeasing him, and look upon him as a wonderful man. Perhaps you, too, think him a wonderful man. I do. Yet when at last the message comes for him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," I do not think he will say "Yes, I have been a good and faithful servant, I deserve to have joy." No, he will say, "I am an unprofitable servant, I have done only that which was my duty to do. Lord, have mercy upon me, a sinner."

Not even the best among us can deserve to go to heaven more than poor, old, blind Mothibi deserved it, but Jesus says to us, as he said to him, "Come unto me, I am the Way."

I hope you have listened to this kind invitation of the Saviour, and have resolved, with the Holy Spirit's help, to spend your lives here in loving and serving him, until he calls you to the land where "his servants shall serve him, and they shall see his face, and his name shall be in their foreheads."

Date Due